

Collier's

NOVEMBER

21, 1903

VOL XXXII NO 5

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The Reconstruction Period

The Greeley Presidential Campaign

The Garibaldi Campaign in Italy

The Great Heenan-Sayers Fight in London

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are a few of the subjects upon which is built this great series of articles which make so vivid

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Monsieur A. V.

will resume

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The Lion's Mouth—November Contest

The Lion's Mouth Question for November is:

"What do you think of 'Seven Days' and in what way do you think it could be improved in value or interest?"

Answers must be received at this office not later than December 7. An aggregate of \$320 in prizes will be awarded for the best answers, \$50 first prize, and \$25 second prize.

Pabst Extract

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SPECIAL ARTICLES

The list of separate articles in course of preparation is long and is of varied, timely, and unusual interest.

SHORT FICTION

Short stories scheduled for early publication are by George Buchanan Fife, Mrs. Wharton, Mary R. S. Andrews, John Fox, Jr., F. Hopkinson Smith, J. B. Connolly, Arthur Cosslett Smith, Margaret Sherwood, Henry C. Rowland, etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND ART FEATURES

The most capable illustrators and the most perfect processes of reproduction in black and white and in colors will make these twelve numbers of Scribner's surpassingly beautiful.

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will be the most beautiful and sumptuous magazine of the holidays. Unrivaled in the variety and interest of its literary contributions and gay and bright in colored illustrations, it will be a fitting issue with which to close Scribner's most successful year.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1903



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THE NEW SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

HON. JOSEPH G. CANNON, OF ILLINOIS, ADDRESSING THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, FROM THE CHAIR, AT THE OPENING OF THE EXTRAORDINARY SESSION OF CONGRESS, NOVEMBER 9



SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR can always be discovered by a fertile imagination. Some minds habitually find good in everything. As we heard a new American citizen remark: "Ich bin nicht ein Kicher. Ich Kiche gar nicht." Others would be unhappy without a motive for complaint. Still others take a view of mere acceptance, as in the verses recently unearthed by Mr. Wister:

The dog is in the bedstead,
The cat is in the lake,
The cow is in the hammock—
What difference does it make?

All of these classes can find their usual opportunity in the season through which we are now living. It is to some eyes a time of continued prosperity. To others it seems like the end of good times and the beginning of depression. The mood in **THANKSGIVING** which we meet a day set apart by proclamation for us **1893** to be thankful in is determined more by our present circumstances than by memory of the historic occasion which gave it birth. On the whole, the feeling throughout the country at present is optimistic still, although the day for recognizing blessings came in more aptly, to the general sense, a year ago. Those are wisest, probably, who extract satisfaction from the chastening which the more conspicuous business world is now receiving. For real prosperity to continue, while the tricks and pretences of capital are being exposed, might well be looked upon as an ideal coincidence. The best informed and most impartial observers of human conditions have looked upon America as offering more happiness on the average than any other land, and the outlook is for a continuance of what in our welfare is real. A check to the riot of money may well be the cause of more honesty and more repose.

OBJECTIONS TO OUR COURSE with regard to Panama are of the kind which are habitual to a small group of good but ineffective men—those objections, that is to say, which are not inspired by party politics or by an interest in the Nicaragua route or in no canal at all. Most of those Democratic newspapers and politicians who cry about breach of faith and the strong bullying the weak are insincere to the degree that they would have supported the identical deed had their party been in power. The few censors who are sincere take a view which would have been incompatible with the march of civilization around the world. Many a man earnestly believes that he is outraged when he is vaccinated or dragged from his home to a hospital, and ethical nihilists make a strong case against any invasion of individual liberty. Our recognition of the Panama Republic undoubtedly involves a strained interpretation of treaty language, and it must be unpleasant for a man of Secretary Hay's sensitiveness to juggle, even for an end so obviously advisable and convenient. The papers which protest most earnestly against the indelicacy of our solution are the ones which wished us to recognize Aguinaldo as a Washington. Theirs is the spirit which discusses a problem in human action as if it existed in a realm as unconditioned as

PANAMA mathematics. The negro question they would answer with a phrase about human equality. A man is a man, whether he be a South American adventurer or an orderly European. A nation is a nation, whether it be Colombia or Great Britain. Such is not nature's reasoning. If it were, the Indian would be wandering freely in primeval forests, and we should never have progressed far enough for Thomas Jefferson to purchase Louisiana from Napoleon because, although his political theories denied him the right, he thought we needed it. Nations act upon the Golden Rule even more rarely than individuals. The progress of the superior races into the domains of the inferior is never unaccompanied by distasteful details. Seldom or never has a nation hesitated to reap a marked advantage for herself, the civilized world, and even the inferior opponents, by so slight a deviation in detail as was involved in our swift recognition of Panama. England's promise to evacuate Egypt was to the powers of Europe. So was her obligation not to buy Suez shares. Yet her record is much the highest among the conquering nations. Democrats who try to make a political issue out of the prompt seizure of opportunity in Panama will find behind them no general moral feeling—only a little academic principle, general to the verge of fog, and a few unworthy interests.

BETWEEN TWO EXTREME VIEWS of football lies one held by many serious observers. The purely enthusiastic and uncritical opinion belongs exclusively to undergraduates and a few others who remain boys through life. It needs no discussion in these nestorian columns. A second view lacks virility and looks

upon all physical roughness with distaste. A middle way is taken by some who approve and enjoy the game in all its manifestations except the most severe—not necessarily the occasions when forbidden "slugging" is most excessive, but those occasions on which the strain is most intense. The games between Yale, Harvard, and Princeton partake less of the nature of sport and more of the nature of war than any of the others. The players key themselves for these particular contests to a degree of responsibility which it would be difficult to describe as fun. If these games were abolished, the argument runs, football would keep all its virtues as a real sport, with the pleasures of physical activity, and it would lose the absorbing anxiety which racks the big teams before their most important games. Here the objection is not so much to violence as to mental absorption and worry of a kind which is unknown outside of a few of the leading colleges. President Eliot would be glad to abolish the big games on behalf of the pleasanter and less anxious sport which would result, and President Eliot is a man of deep understanding. There is far more to be said for this position than for the squeamishness which puts an old-maidenly emphasis on the roughness which is a joy to strong men.

**ONE VIEW
OF FOOTBALL.**

ANGLO-CELTIC, offered as a substitute for Anglo-Saxon by Andrew Carnegie, was warmly welcomed for the moment in America, and has its advantages, although it is not likely to come into general use. The Celtic element in America of course is mainly Irish, and the Irish have done much for us. They have added to our humor, our energy, and our oratory. Mr. Gladstone spoke of the Hibernian debaters in 1881 as "sometimes rising to the level of mediocrity, and more often grovelling amidst mere trash in unbounded profusion." We have had that side of Irish oratory, along with the higher brand, but the typical Americans themselves have nothing to learn from anybody about unbounded empty eloquence on occasions. At one time the Irish were accused of a deteriorating influence on public life, through the readiness with which they took to executive politics. That cry has subsided, and we are now more likely to preach an imitation of **THE ANGLO-CELTIC RACE** their keen interest. The time has gone also when they did practically all our domestic service, a kind of work for which they are not as well fitted as they are for activities in which acquiescence is a less predominant virtue. Nearly all Americans now look with regret upon the lessening immigration from the land of hard luck and warm temperament. That immigration, next to the English, has had more visible influence on the resulting type of our mixture than any other, not excepting the German, perhaps because the German differs less from the English than the Irish does. The large mixture of vivid Celtic in the stable Anglo-Saxon is one of our most fortunate elements. Mr. Carnegie's phrase is not likely to be adopted merely because race facts are too vague for any term accurately to express them, and a designation like Anglo-Saxon, which has become imbedded in the language, has the better chance of survival, even if one of private manufacture be a neater fit.

OUR JUDGES ARE INCOMPETENT often and not infrequently they are corrupt. Nothing is more absurd than to choose such officials by election, and to that mode of choice is largely due a condition of the bench which has many kinds of evil consequence. Justice Brewer, whose arguments against appeal were not well received, has returned to the point in a magazine article, opposing appeal in civil as well as criminal cases. Whatever might be thought of his position under ideal circumstances, it is impossible to consider it with our lower judges remaining what they are. The whole cause of justice is made more expensive, slower, and less ideal in result by a system for which nothing whatever can be said, except perhaps that the people like election on general principles better than appointment. Two **APPOINT
THE JUDGES** candidates are now selected by party caucuses, which means usually by party bosses. The people, knowing nothing about which is the more ignorant, vote usually according to party lines. It would be as sensible to choose a Government chemist by election. We get poor judges and even those are made worse by being fettered with obligations to the men who secured their nominations and elections. Still another evil result is that, once a judge, a man is likely to be thrown out in a few years, when he has learned a little more than he knew before, and the position has none of the security which might tempt a strong man fond of the legal science. It is absurd to have limited terms for judges. It is absurd to have party caucuses and popular elections choose them. Their positions should be permanent during good behavior, they should be well paid, and they should be



appointed. The results of such a reform would be felt for good in every city and county in America, both in the administration of justice and in the purity of politics. Who will shoulder some unpopularity by beginning a movement which would have the support of the best lawyers and the most disinterested leaders in public affairs?

SQUABS, THOUGH EXCELLENT BIRDS, have no special place in the national scheme. They bear no responsibility, and many another good bird is in a similar position. The turkey alone among edible fowl bears a national character, as much more important than the eagle's as peace and industry are more important than forcible supremacy and war. Man eats more than he fights, and the turkey is a more essential figure than the eagle. The turkey, too, is associated with an idea. He is identified with a period, as he should know by experience. He is part of a great system. It should make no difference to him what part he is, since he is essential. To be fat by Thanksgiving is his duty in life, his glory in death. We respect the good turkey as Rome respected the slaughtered gladiator, for his part in carrying out a holiday. In the comic papers the turkey is represented as evasive and regretful, but with all our present keenness over animal psychology we have no proof that the national bird goes with any lack of courage and self-sacrifice to the destiny which is his. Perhaps even he has his cause for thankfulness. At any rate, it is pleasanter to think of him as happy in approval of the providential scheme of which he is a part. Mark Twain, just before he sailed, remarked, with his cheerful and meditative drawl, "Things have been going so well with our family of late, I am beginning to think Providence must have forgotten us." There is no such chance of oversight for the turkey. The November festival of Thanksgiving, a purely American institution, is as fixed as Christmas—in spite of the fact that we have established a fiction which requires the President to proclaim it. If the President should forget to proclaim it, the omission would not help the turkey, while it might prove serious to the President.

THE DUTY OF A TURKEY

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S ILLNESS has had two striking meanings to the world. Thinking immediately of his father, people were struck by the dramatic picture of death's unrelenting finger pointed at one of earth's mightiest. It is the same terrible old story:

"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings.
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

Death, pointing to the Kaiser, especially in the ominous, inevitable guise of cancer and heredity, with a summons that might include a paltry respite, struck the whole world's attention. Another feeling was the calculation of actual difference which the Emperor's removal would make in contemporary life. His importance to Germany, whether the view taken is favorable or hostile, is enormous. Socialists in Germany, and friends of liberty, might not recognize his death as a calamity, nor might the Governments of Europe and the lovers of peace throughout the world, but all would feel the momentousness of the change involved. When Bismarck died, and Gladstone and Leo, they were old men, and two of them had already stepped from power. Lord Salisbury, not in the same class of influence, was also at the end of his career. The Emperor, with most of his possible active life ahead, would be a much more striking victim for death. The hush that fell upon the English-speaking world when Kipling lay ill in America, recognized also this element of youth and future influence. No individual in the world at present would create such a dramatic void by death as the man who furnishes such a vast initiative and wields such a despotic power in Germany.

WHEN GREAT MEN ARE SICK

"**H**ERE'S HOPING THAT UNCLE SAM may choke to death on the next bite he takes of Canada," is the pious toast of a Toronto paper. Now this seems to us a little hard. Uncle Sam means fairly well and is friendly to his northern neighbor. Choking to death would be an unpleasant end, and a severer punishment than the old gentleman deserves. Canada and the United States have reason to be friends. They are near together, they speak the same tongue and have similar origins, and they have no vital conflicting interests. We seem to like Canada better than Canada likes us. Certainly we have no evil designs upon her. Whether she remains part of the British Empire, or sets up in business for herself, or decides to

go into partnership with us, we shall continue to regard her as a friend. If Mr. Chamberlain has his way, her remaining part of the British Empire may possibly mean less dollars for us, but we shall have no cause for complaint. There is a good deal of patriotism up in Canada, more feeling for the Empire, we imagine, than exists in any other British colony, and we should be sorry to see any diminution. In the recent argument we only maintained what we honestly believed to be the truth, and we ought not to be scolded for the decision of a judicial tribunal. Let us be genial and each drink to the other's continued prosperity. It would be a sorry sight to see your Uncle Samuel choke to death, and we can not believe our neighbor really desires that spectacle.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, writes one of our correspondents, is not only pleased by the recent elections, he is reassured, because he figures that even if New York goes Democratic he looks safe to win. Mr. Roosevelt, according to this correspondent, is not so much of an optimist as the world might guess. He is in some of his moods inclined to take a gloomy view of probabilities. When he ended his service as Police Commissioner in New York City he told a college friend, in deep depression, that his political career was over. He was certain that his work on the Civil Service Commission had ended him with the politicians, and he was confirmed in this view when that shrewd gauger of political drift, Benjamin Harrison, extended to Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt less social courtesy and recognition than did Grover Cleveland. He also expressed gloom over the "cold storage" of the Vice-Presidency. So did his friends. He has sometimes been depressed again this fall over his prospects

THE PRESIDENT ON HIMSELF

next year. Business has been going from bad to worse. Department frauds worry him, for he knows better than the public yet guesses how far and deep that ulcer runs. The unions are supposed to tend decidedly against him. In Illinois they might conceivably turn the scale. The New York banking business element, of which he naturally hears much, disapproves of him for spoiling the market for Trust securities. Of course the South is sadder than ever. It is probably news to most people that the President ever has moods when his star seems to wane, and while we do not doubt the existence of these moods we incline to think them no deeper than is necessary to give him a clear sight of the dangers to be met. He is a skilful politician as well as a willing fighter, and it is probably without much trepidation, although with eager interest, that he scents the battle of nineteen hundred and four

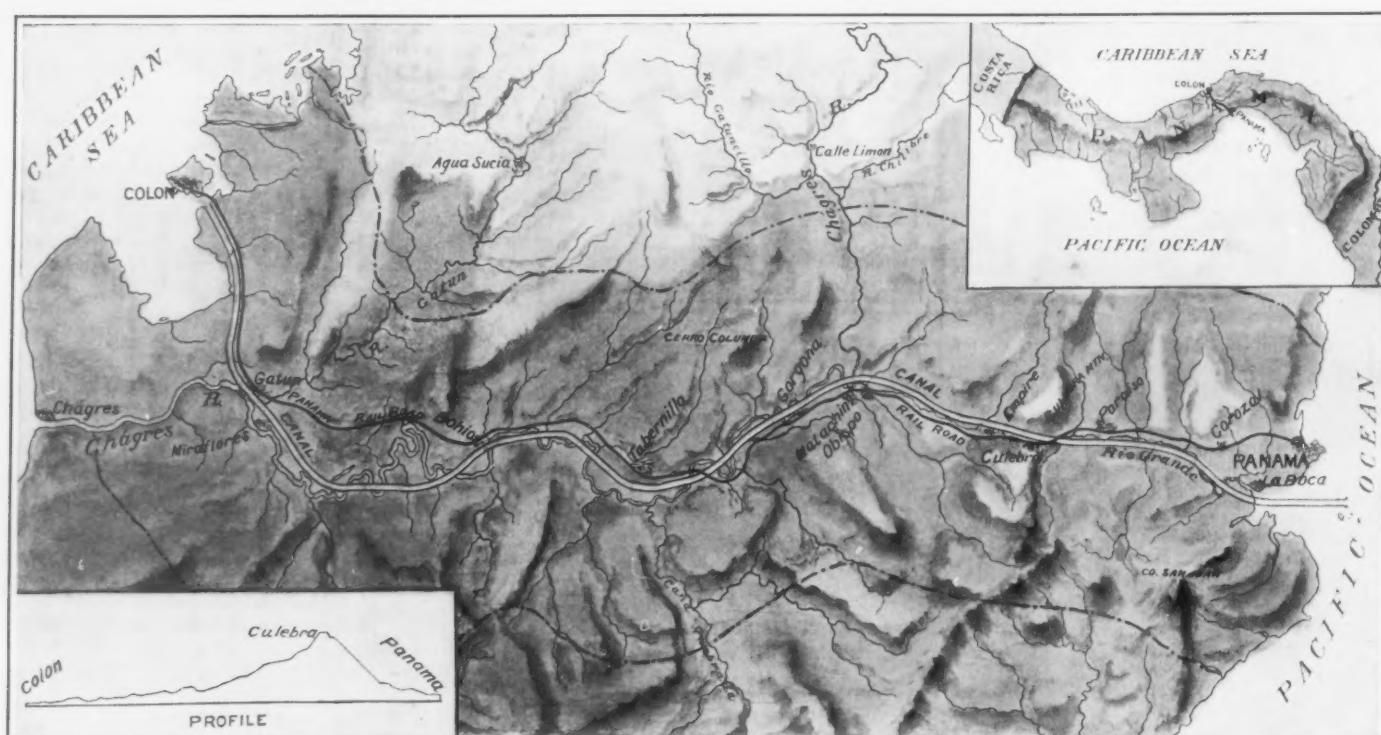
NO MORE STRIKING WAY of handling a fortune has been discovered than Mr. Gordon McKay's bequest of four million dollars to Harvard College for science, while his sons receive one hundred dollars a year, with perhaps a little more in the future. He has thrown into relief the importance of scientific study in our day, and he has put into active practice ideas which are ostensibly held by Mr. Andrew Carnegie and other critics of wealth. In judging such bequests the general world must leave out any personal details which might contribute to the result, as it knows nothing of the family relations or the natures of the boys. The interesting question is on the principle involved. We are inclined to think that Mr. McKay's act, if it represents a principle, will seem extreme to the majority of liberal-minded Americans. To have left three millions to Harvard and divided a million among his sons would have been liberal to science and would have given the boys a better chance in the world, if they are made of good material wisely directed. If a youth is IDEAS OF AN INVENTOR not able to use a favorable pecuniary start to advantage, there must be something wrong in his nature, or, what is more likely, in his bringing up. The worship of the self-made man, which was rife a generation ago, has disappeared, and the principles which make it well for a boy to have money spent upon his education also make it well for him to have the advantage of some money in beginning independent life, provided he is strong enough to use it to enlarge his opportunities instead of diminishing his responsibilities. Nevertheless, although that truth can hardly be denied, the general influence of a will like Mr. McKay's is good, in as far as it raises the banner of public spirit and intellectual ardor against the too rampant spirit of private wealth. If, when they die, the Rockefellers, Carnegies, Morgans, Fieldis, and Vanderbilts of our land go even a little further in the McKay direction than they would otherwise have gone, his bequest will have helped the civic tone as well as the cause of science. The usual tendency is simply to amass wealth to an exorbitant a degree as possible, and many a family worth more than ten millions denies itself all charity and philanthropy in order to pass on a grosser mass of gold to generations to come.



A SECTION OF THE PANAMA CANAL



SOLDIERS OF THE SEPARATIST ARMY, IN COLON



WHERE COMMERCE IS BOUND TO FOLLOW THE FLAG

The large map shows the route of the Isthmian Canal and of the railroad between Colon and Panama. The dotted lines running parallel to the canal at a distance of five miles on either side indicate the zone where the United States ought to be supreme. The small map in the upper corner shows the probable extent of the new Republic of Panama, bounded on the west by Costa Rica and on the east by Colombia. The diagram in the lower corner gives a profile view of the isthmus—a slice of the backbone of the continent



TROOPS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY DRAWN UP FOR INSPECTION IN COLON

THE BIRTH OF A NEW REPUBLIC



SEVEN DAYS

AN ILLUSTRATED REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S EVENTS



THANKSGIVING DAY

BY ROBERT BRIDGES

We give Thee thanks, O Lord!
Not for armed legions, marching in their might,
Not for the glory of the well-earned fight
Where brave men slay their brothers also brave;
But for the millions of Thy sons who work—
And do Thy task with joy,—and never shirk,
And deem the idle man a burdened slave:
For these, O Lord, our thanks!

We give Thee thanks, O Lord!
Not for the turrets of our men-of-war—
The monstrous guns, and deadly steel they pour
To crush our foes and make them bow the knee;
But for the homely sailors of Thy deep,
The tireless fisher-folk who banish sleep
And lure a living from the miser sea:
For these, O Lord, our thanks!

We give Thee thanks, O Lord!
Not for the mighty men who pile up gold,
Not for the phantom millions, bought and sold,
And all the arrogance of pomp and greed;
But for the pioneers who plow the field,
Make deserts blossom, and the mountain yield
Its hidden treasures for man's daily need:
For these, O Lord, our thanks!

We give Thee thanks, O Lord!
Not for the palaces that wealth has grown,
Where ease is worshipped—duty dimly known,
And Pleasure leads her dance the flowery way;
But for the quiet homes where love is queen
And life is more than babbles, touched and seen,
And old folks bless us, and dear children play:
For these, O Lord, our thanks!

RIGHT GOES WITH MIGHT IN PANAMA

THE map on the opposite page tells the story. For 13,000 miles by sea from Colon to Panama read 47 by land. Between the Atlantic and the Pacific there have been two barriers: that of the backbone joining two continents and that of a petty autocracy. When we can pierce the first barrier, should we wait long on the tissue-paper barrier of greed and cunning?

Beyond the dotted lines that follow the course of the canal to each side, we can have no more interest than in starting a winter resort in Greenland. This zone of ten miles broad as essentially belongs to our dominion in the name of the world's progress as the lines of steel rails that knit our States into commercial unity. All that this strip is worth is its value as a canal site. It grows some bananas, some rubber, some cocoanuts. But the sum total of the exports from either port is not a tithe of the cost of the French machinery that lies oxidizing by the graveside of de Lesseps' ambition.

The geographical separation of the Isthmian Republic from Colombia proper is complete. Neither railroad nor highway connects them. Colombia can not send soldiers through the trackless jungle; they must go by sea. Between these two parts of the Republic there is far less trade than between Colon and the United States; there is no common ground whatsoever. Just as Spain sent her military rulers to Cuba, so Bogota sent hers to the Isthmus. Panama was to Colombia what the Tenderloin was to the New York Police Department. The Isthmian under dog is every whit as worthy our sympathy as were the Cubans of the thunderstorms of indignation which broke from our guns' mouths on the head of Spain.

Keeping a Nation's Word

Any one who has been to the Isthmus and who knows, too, the whole story of the President's policy knows that our conduct toward Colombia has been more fair than that toward Spain, a nation that was supposed to be worthy of our steel. So it should be; for it is an American trait not to impose on the weak. Our treatment of the new Republic, which this time we have not strangled at birth, promises to be more considerate than toward Cuba, which still calls for reciprocity. In Chile, in Venezuela, and in Brazil, within the last decade we have shown a strong hand. It is a peculiar fact that with no South American country has our conscientious observance of the Monroe Doctrine been so exact as with Colombia. We have always stood ready, with justice in view, to pay her for giving us benefits. But for

us, the flag of England or Germany would have long ago floated over the bridge of the world's commerce, nor would either have paid any subsidy for the privilege.

By the treaty of 1846 we reserved only the right to keep the railroad free for traffic. Faithfully we have kept our agreement. We have carried by rail the unfed soldiers of Colombia, whose only discipline is that of the lash, whenever Bogota demanded. We have prevented the success of native revolutions which were battling for more than States' rights, for limited home rule. In short, but for us, Colombia could not have kept the Isthmus as long as she has.

John Hay's "Stone-Wall" Diplomacy

When France wanted to build the canal, the United States did not stand in the way of a gigantic work for the world's good. We have only to recall Maximilian in Mexico to realize that our paternal interest in the Central American Republics alone made France pay the extravagant price that Colombia demanded. Is

the Monroe Doctrine to be all give and no take? Is the protector's only reward to be the use of our good will for purposes of gain and of defeating the cause of progress? France having failed, when our expert commission decided in favor of the Panama route; when all our plans to go ahead were complete, we waited upon the word of Bogota. Then Colombians came into contact with a new kind of diplomacy—the stone-walled diplomacy of John Hay. It is stone-walled because it is the same all the way through that it is on the surface—solid rock. If you try to dig beneath it, the foundation seems to sink as you dig; if you try to scale it, the top seems to rise as you climb.

You may search through the annals of any diplomacy except that of America to find the counterpart of the Hay-Herran treaty in its high-minded fairness. We have been as meek as a petty principality trying to convert a powerful nation to its view. Colombia could not dig the canal; the only subsidy that she has ever received for the Isthmus has been due to outside capital.

Did the sister Republic show us any sisterly affection? When we were going to build a work in the name of progress and of commerce, which meant direct profit to her alone, did she show interest in anything but the amount she could make by imposing on our good nature? We agreed to pay a high price; we agreed to leave our soldiers, workmen, and engineers subject to Colombian methods of sanitation, and we inserted a clause which committed us to no aggression. In other words, we said: "We pay a fair price; we will be fair"—which was most American.

Turning the Other Cheek

What was Colombia's response? That of the highwayman. If the Yankees would make the offer so readily, there ought to be a lot more graft in them. So the treaty died, and the Colombian, who can not yet understand it, finally feels the significance of stone-walled diplomacy. When approached by Bogota again, Mr. Hay smiled; he was not ready to be "held up"; he had given his word that the Herran treaty embodied our final concessions; he let events take their course, with the result that we have not assisted the military despotism of Bogota to retain a province that nature never intended to be under its control.

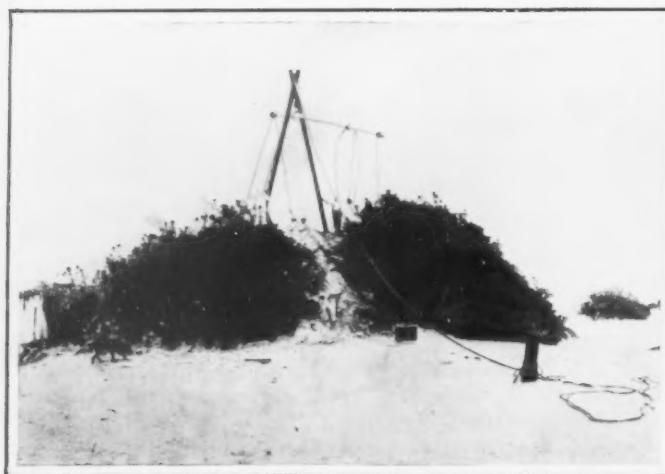
Let us accept the truth of the gossip which is heard in Washington. Let us take it for granted that our officers of the General Staff did look over the military situation at the Isthmus last summer; that



DETAIL OF UNITED STATES MARINES ON SHORE DUTY AT COLON



The frame buildings of the cable station on the barren waste of coral sand



Sailors of the U.S.S. "Iroquois" raising the flagpole on Sand Island



Sending the first message over the Pacific cable from Sand Island station to the President

THE MID-PACIFIC CABLE STATION ON SAND ISLAND, IN THE MIDWAY GROUP

The station was established less than six months ago, the first message being sent on July 4 last. The Midway Islands are two in number, Sand Island, the larger, being about 600 acres in extent. The group lies within a few degrees of the meridian which divides the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, and serves as a half-way station between California and the Philippines

our Navy Department was prepared to have ships at hand in case of need; that we knew of the progress of the anger of the Isthmians and even directed it toward definite action; that the President and Senator Hanna did come to an understanding months ago as to the future action in the event of a revolution.

Is Foresight Immoral?

Have we organized a General Staff for the purpose of avoiding military information in possible seats of trouble? Is the navy supposed never to know where ships would be needed and never to have them ready? Is the Secretary of State supposed to be a press agent or a diplomatist? Is the President of the United States not to concert plans and not to consult national leaders?

How very underhanded it was to send an officer to Cuba with a message to Gomez! How inconsiderate of Admiral Dewey not to have let the Spaniards know that he was coming on May 1! We must inform foreign powers of the details of the electrical mechanism of our battleships at once! Senator Gorman and John Sharp Williams ought to go to Mr. Cannon promptly with an outline of their party's campaign for the winter; and, of course, Cannon ought to reciprocate! For this is the only way to follow up the naive idealism which would make us turn the other cheek again and again if the other fellow was not as strong as we.

But we ought to atone for the past, too. We ought to pass a resolution in Congress at once apologizing to England because Andrew Jackson did not tell General Packenham how many sharpshooters he had in the tree tops and behind his cotton bales. It seems to the average man as if Jackson might have done very much as Roosevelt did. Thanks to foresight and good management, a people who wanted Home Rule have it, without a drop of blood having been shed except in Bogota, where Colombia's fitness to dominate the Isthmus has been shown by shooting into a crowd and by the proclamation of martial law.

Thousands of Lives Saved

Let us suppose that Consul-General Gudger has taken a constitution to Colon on the *Mayflower*. Haven't we tried to set Cuba on her feet? Does not the Monroe Doctrine make us responsible for this new fledgling, when only Americans believe that such people have any right to rule themselves? Is it not better to have Panama firmly established and on the road to progress than to take the opposite course of succeeding revolutions that sap the strength of each new generation?

Not only have no lives been lost, but thousands will be saved as the result of our action. We shall have a

zone in this deadly tropical region under our sanitary control. Fever-breeding precincts of filth will not be within a few rods of our engineers and workmen. If it is better for the bastions of a vast engineering work to make a pathway for commerce instead of leaving the jungle to the lizards; if we have any confidence in our civilization; if it is morally right to help a weak man rather than leave him to the results of his errors, then the Government deserves the credit of a wise and good deed well done.

FREER TRADE WITH CANADA

CANADA is not only our third best customer, but, in proportion to population, our very best. In the fiscal year ending with June 30, Canada bought from this country merchandise to the value of \$126,000,000. That makes an average of more than \$25 for every man, woman, and child in British North America. In the same period the purchases of the United Kingdom, our largest customer, amounted to only about \$12.50 per capita. This was despite Canadian preference of 33 1/3 per cent to British imports, and despite tariff obstacles which kept Canada's sales to the United States down to about one-third of the value of goods bought from us.

There is a growing sentiment along our northern border that this Canadian market is worth more consideration from American law-makers. It is argued that a good customer should be treated with conciliation and friendliness, not in a spirit of contempt or of hostility. That is the rule in private business. Why should it not be in national business? ask the merchants and manufacturers of the National Reciprocity League, whose membership extends from Maine to St. Paul. In 1868, when the Joint High Commission of British-Canadian and American representatives met at Montreal, the first question on its list was trade reciprocity; while the obstacle which prevented an agreement was the Alaska boundary, now settled.

Our tariff against Canada is illogical in many ways. Canada is now a great wheat-producing country. Following the natural course of trade, Canadian wheat should come to the American mills at Minneapolis and other cities to be ground. It is turned back by a tariff of twenty-five cents a bushel. The duty does not affect the price of American wheat. That is fixed in Liverpool. Canadian lumber comes in under a high duty, which raises the price to American home builders. On the other hand, American manufacturers are being forced to build branch plants in Canada because of the tariff barriers.

New England already has the benefit of free coal from Canada, although the law removing the duty

is only temporary. But what reciprocity especially means for New England is a greatly enlarged market, close at hand, for her immense manufactures of boots and shoes, cotton and woollen goods, and other products of her ever-busy factories.

OHIO HAS GIVEN ITS WORD

THE talk of a Hanna boom is only talk. Hanna resigned all claims to the Republican nomination last June, when he was forced to allow the Ohio State Convention to indorse Roosevelt for the nomination the boomers want Hanna to try for now. Hanna did not want the convention to indorse Roosevelt. He insisted that such an indorsement was next year's work.

President Roosevelt was on his great trip through the West. He acted with promptness. He sent a telegram to Hanna calling on his friends to declare themselves. The Hanna boom died at that moment. Since then the Senator has been for Roosevelt for 1904. The President knows this. Hanna does not break his word. If he had had 250,000 majority in Ohio instead of 125,000, it would be the same. No better proof of their understanding is needed than that the President has asked Hanna to remain at the head of the Republican National Committee and manage his campaign for him.

Hanna is one of the most popular men in the country among the politicians, and he has much strength with the people. He received more cheers on the opening day of Congress than any other man in the Senate or House, not excepting New York's Mayor-elect, George B. McClellan.

There will be much Presidential politics in the present Congress. Each side is playing for advantage. The Republicans want to pass nothing but the supply bills. The Democrats will try to open up the tariff issue, and in every possible manner embarrass the President and the majority. The Democrats are looking for issues. They hope to find a few before the adjournment comes next spring, but the search will be impeded by some very skilful Republican dust-throwers both in House and Senate.—*Our Washington Correspondent*.

CATTLE MEN IN REVOLT

WESTERN cattle raisers are willing to pay \$5,000,000 to satisfy a curiosity of many years' standing. They believe they have been "easy marks," and they have decided to learn for themselves what are the profits that have been reaped by the cattle buyer. This is one of the motives of the organization to build and operate an independent packing plant, as a co-

operative venture intended to demonstrate that the combination of powerful packers, known as the "Beef Trust," has forced down prices for live stock while it has increased the cost to the consumer.

The lords of a thousand herds on the ranches of Wyoming, Colorado, Montana, Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas, have had the prices of their cattle fixed by a ring of stockyard buyers through the last decade, with a domineering contempt for laws of supply and demand. The injunction proceedings successfully prosecuted by Attorney-General Knox last year against the alleged "Beef Combine," included proofs that the "gentlemen's agreement" held sway from the range to the Eastern market. It was shown also that such leading members of the combination as the Armours and Swifts had acquired vast ranching interests for the purpose of holding back, or throwing into the market, cattle in sufficient numbers to bulwark the general scheme of manipulating prices. Separate proceedings in Missouri brought these facts closer home to the stock raisers, and their grievances and suspicions were focused in conviction.

A Finish Fight

Their opposition has taken aggressive form in the capitalization of the Independent Packing Company whose war-chest is rapidly filling in Denver. The enterprise is directed by a company of conservative and determined men, led by John W. Springer, President of the National Live Stock Association, who have money and courage to back them in a fight to a finish. This is the first noteworthy invasion of an industrial field which has been controlled by six firms, working in harmony, controlling three-fourths of the beef production and distribution of this country, with a total yearly business of \$700,000,000. At a recent meeting of the directors of the independent company one of them said, as he thumped the table: "If necessary to raise this money, I'll cut my herd in two and I'll put one-half into the packing plant."

The distribution of profits among the stockholders, and the saving of stockyard charges and commission fees are reasons for the undertaking, but these are flavored with five million dollars' worth of curiosity to find out what share of the enormous profits of the "Combine" have been wrested from the cattle owner,



Monument to Vancouver and Quadra erected at Friendly Cove, Vancouver Island

whose purse has been growing leaner, no matter how prices soared in the consumer's markets. The Interstate Commerce Commission has, at least, checked the sweeping evil of railroad rebates secretly granted to the "Combine" packers, and this is the weapon the independent packers must fear most in their vigorous campaign to restore the play of fair competition in the marketing of cattle on the hoof.

THE SECTIONAL ISSUE IN FOOTBALL

NOT many years ago, the centre of football culture was by the Atlantic seaboard, but it has moved rapidly westward, until the sport may be said to spread its technique and enthusiasm in all directions from Chicago as a geographical focus. Eastern specialists, for glittering salaries, spread the football gospel westward until the seats of learning between Chicago and the Golden Gate have built their own school of football, with traditions and rivalries that are superbly indifferent to the echoes of prowess from Yale, Harvard, and Princeton. And Eastern partisanship is tame beside the surging enthusiasm inspired by one of the championship struggles of the Middle West. Before the recent Wisconsin-Chicago game, a monster mass-meeting in Madison was addressed by the Governor of the State, and the citizens were no less zealous than the student body, men, women, and children inflamed by the stirring proclamation that "the Maroon team will come up here backed by several thousand rooters. They are said to have worked up some excellent noise-making stunts, and will aid their team by yelling as much as possible. To beat out these people from the Midway, the whole town must get together and yell for the team for all they are worth."

The West claims pre-eminence not only in organized devotion to its heroes, but also in the quality of its football education, which is said to have a dash and speed unknown in the effete East. It is true that the best Western elevens play fully as formidable a game as the pick of Eastern universities, and whether a distinctive school has been developed can be known only by the test of battle. Last year Yale and the University of Michigan were the unquestioned sectional leaders, and their meeting would have been an epoch-making collision. It is unlikely that such a real championship will be fought out, so long as each section is content with its own rivalries and honors, and the Homeric leaders of their respective territories devote all their energies to their local opponents. University faculties believe that football has more than enough publicity and hurrah at present, and their influence is set against such a tremendously popular event as a struggle for supremacy between the pick of East and West.

VON BUELLOW ENVIES HAY

COUNT VON BUELLOW exclaimed the other day to a visitor who mentioned the United States: "Happy country! Happy people who have no foreign relations."

The Chancellor spoke from a life that is preoccupied with cares in preserving Germany's relative position at the international board and in improving that position as the best security for a future that will utilize in



NELSON'S FLAGSHIP IN DRYDOCK

The frigate which passed safely through the fight at Trafalgar was nearly sunk in Plymouth Harbor by a collision, October 23. She was rescued by tugs just in time to be saved from foundering

peace the immense vitalities possessed by the German people.

France is the weight ceaselessly holding back Germany. I have been able to verify the statement that when the Emperor sent his telegram to former President Krüger, the French Ambassador to England informed Lord Salisbury that he had been instructed by his Government to place at the disposition of England the entire military power of France.

Why Germany Fears France

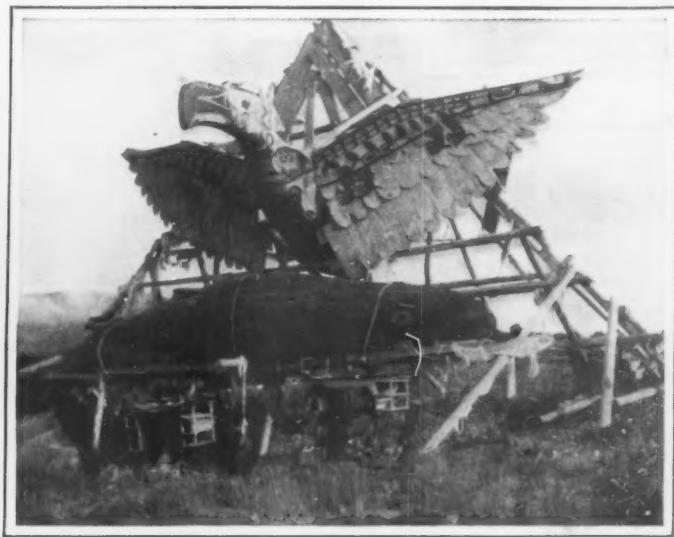
For twenty-four hours, as the world knows, one of those sudden war alarms sounded which so frequently fill the old world's news in American papers. Germany instantly gave a satisfactory explanation of the telegram. France was again forced to wait. No particular secret has been made of the French offer. It is certainly very well known here.

Supposing the French Government were to enter into a solemn engagement to let Germany alone if she made war on another power, and even supposing fifty or a hundred of the leading men of France, including the chiefs of all parties, the great financiers, editors, and artists were to join in such an engagement, would the people of France be bound? It is not so believed here. Cabinet, press, bourse, and academy would be swept away by the feelings of the people.

Hence it is that Germany with all her matchless military equipment, her resources organized for war, and her cravings for fresh outlets for her energy dare not risk a war with even a second or third rate power. To



Unloading the monument, shown above, from a war canoe at Friendly Cove



Monument to the late Chief Maquina of the Nootka tribe

TWO MONUMENTS ON VANCOUVER ISLAND

Here Captain George Vancouver and Don Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra met in 1790 to divide the sovereignty of North America between Great Britain and Spain. A granite shaft in memory of this historic occasion has been erected by the Washington University State Historical Society. Near by stands a native memorial to a dead Nootka chief. It is of wood and represents a thunder bird and a whale; in the foreground two of the late chief's sewing machines rust in evidence of his people's grief.—(See Page 25).



THE MOKUAWEOWEO CRATER OF MAUNA LOA, THE ONLY ACTIVE VOLCANO IN HAWAII

For some weeks past the volcano has displayed more activity than usual. The column of steam is three-quarters of a mile from where the spectators are standing

engage her fleet and two or three army corps in the conquest of a South American State, regardless of the United States, might be France's opportunity. How impossible then to suppose that Germany would hazard remotely an embroilment with the United States?

The purpose of this rough outline of Germany's position is to dispose of the impression on the part of some good Americans in the navy and in public life that Germany is preparing for trouble with the United States, that she itches for territory in the Western Hemisphere and will fight us for it. The delicate European balance estops Germany from taking one step toward such an aim.—*From our Correspondent, Berlin, Nov. 3.*

SECRET OF HANNA'S POLITICAL SUCCESS

IF Uncle Mark Hanna owes his faculty of winning elections to any one trait, it is to the candid way he has of putting confidence in others. Nobody knows better how to get reportorial favor. At the outset of his tour of Ohio during the late election he called the newspaper men on his private car around him.

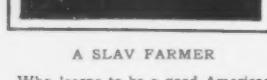
"Now, boys," he said, "we'll be together for several weeks, and while we are on board we'll be just like one big family. You are my guests, and you will be treated as though the car was my house. I will have many things to say that are not intended for print. We will form many plans that we do not wish made public. I don't intend to chase you out on to the platform, and I will not whisper. You'll hear every word, and you will know as well as I do what is not intended for publication."

And some of the things said on the car would stir politics from coast to coast if printed, but they will remain secrets.

In a few words at a meeting in a small town in the interior of the State, his answer to a question was one that was a key to his whole character.

"Isn't it true that you got jobs for fifteen of the men who voted for you for Senator?" a man in the audience asked.

"That's a lie," was Hanna's answer. "There were more than fifteen, for I never go back on my friends."



A SLAV FARMER
Who learns to be a good American

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, the new Democratic leader in the House of Representatives, has one distinction above his colleagues. He is the only member of Congress who was a schoolmate of the German Emperor. They were together at Heidelberg. Williams is willing to forget it, but his friends will not, and he is pointed out from the galleries with as much enthusiasm as if he were Poulney Bigelow.

Williams is from Mississippi, a lawyer and cotton planter, and has been in Congress for ten years. He is highly educated, speaks several languages, is somewhat of a wit, a good deal of a story-teller, and can make a humorous speech if the occasion demands. These attributes make him popular with his fellows,

and added to them are a wide knowledge of legislative methods, a keen mind, and an instant readiness in debate.

He will be a good leader, for he keeps his temper. No assault can ruffle Williams. He is calm and smiling through the bitterest passages with the Republicans. The leader who sputters and fumes is lost, for he can not get his own people to follow him, to say nothing of making an impression on the other side.

Williams is a regular Democrat. He has followed the party through every devious path. He was for Cleveland, and he was for Bryan. Now he is preaching the doctrine of get-together. His principal work in this Congress will be to secure stronger Democrats on the big committees of the House. He argues, and justly, that the Democrats have been handicapped since the Republicans have had control of Congress by lack of application by the minority members of the committees. Williams believes in work. He wants men on committees who will be able to discuss measures when they come on the floor, and points out that of late years the Democrats in the House have not been as faithful in committees as they should have been. He thinks the times are propitious for Democracy.

Williams's most famous speech was in defence of Admiral Schley in the Fifty-seventh Congress. He wrote a set of verses beginning: "Oh, who is Crowninshield, papa?" and read them in the course of his speech. The verses had for their refrain the statement that Rear-Admiral Crowninshield, who was Chief of the Bureau of Navigation of the Navy Department during the war with Spain, and one of the most active in the anti-Schley propaganda, was "the greatest tar that ever stayed ashore." The House roared with laughter.

A VITAL FAULT IN THE LAW

ONE fault of our immigration laws becomes more evident with every cargo of Europeans that arrives. We are dealing with the new-comers as with packages subject to a tariff, not as with human beings. If they come up to the test for literacy, if they have a certain amount of money, they pass. The man



THE UNDESIRABLE TYPE OF IMMIGRANT

These are city dwellers; they may know how to read and write, but their value to the nation is far inferior to that of the country dwellers shown in the other illustrations

who fulfills both tests may become a source of moral and physical infection, the one who fulfills neither may be an empire builder.

The nation that admits the new-comers has one aim: their development into good citizens who will uphold the country. Any one with half a knowledge of European slums who will watch the examinations at Ellis Island can tell in an instant that type known as the "city dweller." His descendants are no more likely to till the land than his ancestors. He may have three or four times the amount of money required, and he may read and write well, or, if he can not, the agents of the steamship companies have coached his city cunning till he can answer the stereotyped questions.

Poor Material for Citizenship

Well along in years, his few dollars may be his only capital; he has neither a trade nor physical strength. When his money is gone, he becomes a public charge; when his strength is gone, he goes to the hospital. His habits are such that he spreads infection; he seeks the "quarter" of his kind where American influence will not reach him, while in the city every occupation is overcrowded.

Equally easy of identification is another type—the "country dweller." Though he may not read and write, he has an occupation, and he is young and vigorous, with all the strength of his coming years as capital. Though

he has not five dollars in his pocket, he faces a market where the demand is great. A ticket to the new Western home is all that he needs. The day he arrives he can get work at a good wage. More than one American-born pioneer had little more education than he. He will be surrounded by American influences; his children will be well educated, he will become the owner of his own roof-tree. To say that he is never allowed to enter because he does not come up to the package test, would be presupposing that our officials never exercise their judgment. The need of the hour is the exclusion of the other type, when infectious, clannish, and anæmic.

NOW THE NINE WILL NOT STARVE

OUT of the profusion of mythical figures about the earnings of foreign prima donnas comes at last a piece of authentic information, disclosed by Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink of the Metropolitan Opera Company, in ridding herself of the life-contract which bound her to the Berlin Royal Opera. She directed a petition to Emperor William himself, who is the real, although not the nominal, head of the Royal Opera as well as of every other institution in his realm. In the first place she said that she needed to earn all she could in order to care for her nine children, and in the second, that her annual income in Germany, from every possible source, could not be brought above \$42,000, while in the United States she might



A FINNISH WOMAN
The desirable type of immigrant

count on a certainty of \$95,000 a year. The Kaiser's consent, according to German newspapers, "was given for purely humane motives." Thus the public is spared the harrowing thought of the nine poor little dears in the Schumann-Heink household growing up half-starved on a mere pittance of \$42,000 a year. The breach of contract had to be punished, of course, for the sake of principle, which is so dear to the German heart, but the fine imposed amounted only to \$5,000, or the equivalent of a year's salary under the contract—a very reasonable price, indeed, for the right to pocket nearly \$100,000 annually!

ORATORY VS. GLADIATORIAL DEXTERITY

MR. CHAMBERLAIN is still shaking the nation as though he had been rejuvenated by the gout. People crowd to hear him. They listen, they shout, they delight in his fighting grit, his sardonic humor, in his platform style. But they may vote against him all the same.

An orator of the old school Mr. Chamberlain is not, and has never pretended to be. His vocabulary is remarkable neither for richness nor amplitude. He has none of the Mississippi sweep of Mr. Gladstone's relentless fluency or Disraeli's genius for epigrammatic ridicule. The secret of his power is his gladiatorial dexterity.

He ignores the weaknesses of his own case with a contemptuous rejection of the defensive attitude. But if there is a single weak spot upon the enemy's side, he is at that spot—he is upon it with a feline swiftness of action and sureness of stroke. As he stands to speak with the characteristic lynx-eyed look, the peculiarly pointed profile and the concentrated suggestion of cool and dangerous intention belonging to the whole man, he constantly reminds you of a panther about to spring. There is nothing vague, misty, or involved about what he says. There is not one separate phrase that will be memorable to posterity. Yet upon the work of the immediate moment every syllable tells.

There are no extravagant or eccentric gestures. There is no scraping of the ground with his knuckles like the great Grattan when the prophetic fit was on. He extends his palms in quiet reasonableness or ironical depreciation. He beats home a meaning with the restrained emphasis of a clinched hand that always seems somehow to mean business. There are no theatrical thunders, no stage whispers. When Mr. Chamberlain attacks an adversary, his most damaging passages are fluted in a dulcet pianissimo. One of his admirers says that with the mere management of his voice, he could hold the prolonged attention of a public meeting by simply repeating the multiplication table.—*From our Correspondent, London, Nov. 7.*

DO AMERICANS EAT TOO MUCH?

THE Government rather enjoys taking part in scientific experiments. Money was furnished for the Langley airship and for Dr. Wiley's borax tests on the persons of a dozen young clerks in the Agricultural Department. When Professor Chittenden of the Department of Hygienic Chemistry at Yale asked for some subjects for some of his food experiments, the War Department promptly ordered twenty young men of the Hospital Corps of Washington Barracks to volunteer, and they volunteered, of course.

These twenty young men are now at New Haven, where Professor Chittenden is experimenting with them. He thinks that the average American partakes of food principally because it tastes well and not because he really needs all he eats. He further says the ordinary diner does not masticate his food sufficiently to bring about the correct chemical changes necessary to the well-being of the system.

Professor Chittenden began with his soldier squad by giving them all they could eat, and more. He invited them to eat early and often, and furnished prodigious amounts of well-cooked viands. His plan is to lessen the quantity of food each day, to make the courses fewer and the quantities smaller. He rea-

sons that the reduction in the amount of food will make no physical difference to the men. If it does not, that will prove his theory. He does not say how far the reduction will go, but he weighs the men every day and makes elaborate notes of their condition. They will follow a prescribed course of exercise, which will be equivalent to the work they would be compelled to do

as a crop to be cultivated and developed. Maryland, on the other hand, has dealt with them as if they were game. The legislation which the State has thus far enacted has been merely restrictive. Oysters may be gathered only at certain times and in certain ways. Oyster planters are not allowed to own or lease the beds or to cultivate them systematically.

Those who advocate a change of policy illustrate the present situation by supposing that the State owned all the wheat fields, these fields not producing enough grain to supply the demand; then if the wheat were allowed to grow where it would, without any cultivation, every citizen being allowed to help himself—with the restriction that, lest any one secure more than his share, none should use any but the most antiquated implement, the sickle—we should have a parallel of the condition of the oyster industry in Maryland.

STEAM ENGINES OUT OF DATE

IT IS reported that in all probability the new Cunard liner is to be equipped with steam turbines instead of the reciprocating engines which for a hundred years past have done such work. A committee of experts is already engaged upon the subject, and the whole mechanical world is aroused by the announcement. Yet it is but another step forward, though a long one, from the building of the famous pioneer *Turbinia* nine years

ago, which attained a speed of about thirty-four knots; while it is over two years since the first merchant steamship propelled by turbines, the *King Edward*, began running. Other craft of the same kind have followed in quick succession, so that the latest advance in navigation has reached the stage at which even the biggest Atlantic liner need not be considered beyond its scope.

The most striking results from turbines are expected in the driving of electrical dynamos. The situation is, indeed, as dramatic as any that has arisen in fifty years in the domain of mechanics, and hundreds of millions of dollars are on the hazard. Believing in the promised higher efficiencies, reduced floor space, and better running, managers of electric light plants and electric railways all over the country have already ordered the new combined machines where formerly they would have contracted for separate dynamos and reciprocating engines, while huge new plants, one or two of them in New York City, await proof of results that shall determine vast expenditures.

Meantime, in the Edison station in Chicago, the largest steam turbine and electrical generator unit in the world, of nearly seven thousand horsepower, has gone into regular commercial operation within the last month. The point of the change lies in the fact that under the old régime, while the dynamo-builders wanted to spin around their magnet coils rapidly to secure highest output in current, the engine-builders were aiming at low speeds. These irreconcilable conditions are abolished, for the swift turbine and rapid dynamo go together like Siamese twins. They are a perfectly mated couple.

A Very Old Idea

Two thousand years ago the steam turbine idea was mooted by Hero, who ought to have been born yesterday. Three hundred years ago Branca again advocated spinning a wheel or turbine around by blowing live steam against its vanes. After a century of splendid work with the to-and-fro plan of pushing with steam, a motion which had to be converted into rotation, inventors appear to agree, by demonstration, that Hero was no fool, but entitled to his patent. In Sweden, De Laval; in France, Rateau; in England, Parsons, and last, but not least, in America, Curtis, are the pioneers of this significant new engineering departure, whose glories will be theirs without dimming those of Watt or Stephenson, of Fulton or Corliss. The possible revolution at hand is revealed by the fact that in the United States alone, in 1900, steam engines, excluding locomotives, were produced to the number of thirty thousand, of over two million horse-power. Must these all go?



A NEW CANADIAN PATROL BOAT

The steam barkentine "Neptune," formerly a sealer, has been armed with cannon and sent into Hudson Bay by the Canadian Government to shoo away the wicked Yankee whalers who have been making a practice of exploiting these waters

if on duty. Specific attention will be paid to the mastication problem also, and the men will be instructed just how many times to chew each mouthful. The results will be tabulated and published by the University.

OYSTERMEN MUST MEND THEIR WAYS

BOTH political parties in Maryland have committed themselves to reform legislation on an important home industry. Twenty or even fifteen years ago the best oysters served in New York and Boston restaurants came from Chesapeake Bay, and "Fresh Baltimore" was one of the most familiar advertising signs throughout the East and the Middle West. Now these markets are supplied largely from Long Island Sound,

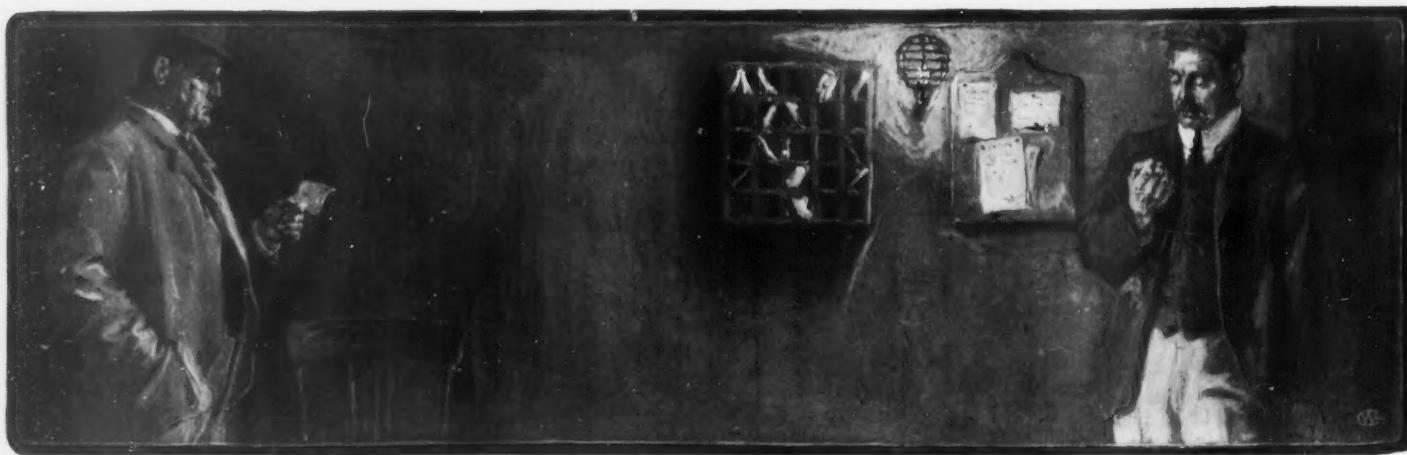


RUSSIA CAJOLE S FRANCE

Count Lamsdorf, Russia's Foreign Minister, recently visited Paris, where he had several consultations with M. Delcasse, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. It is said the conferences were over France's attitude toward Russia's action in the Far East

while the production in Maryland has actually fallen off by millions of bushels a year.

Nature was more bountiful in the Southern than the Northern waters; but the Legislatures of New York, Connecticut, and Rhode Island have treated oysters



A thickset man in a light overcoat came in, got his key and a postal card, and stopped to speak to the stage manager

A DANGER OF DELAY

By VIRGINIA TRACY, Author of "The Lotus Eaters," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

THE STAGE MANAGER looked ruefully at the sealed envelope of the telegram and stuffed it into his pocket. The back doorkeeper, who had been hoping that Mr. David Farnum, the person to whom the telegram was addressed, would get there first and secure his property, went on chewing his toothpick, and looked with ostentatious indifference at his finger-nails.

In the little hall the gaslight flared and wavered; over the dusty and unset stage beyond some obscure window shed a drizzle of daylight. The time drifted nearer and nearer to the matinee hour, the soubrette entered, and the stage manager smiled at her in a vague propitiation of the universe. She selected her letters from the rack and went cheerfully on her way. She had glanced a little apprehensively at the pigeon-hole labelled F, but there was nothing there. The stage manager continued to fidget uneasily about.

A thickset man in a light overcoat came in, got his key and a postal card, and stopped to speak to the stage manager. "Pierson tells me there's going to be a big matinee, Greeley," he said. "I hope you won't mind keeping that property man of yours awake. Last night he didn't work the horses' hoofs till I spoke without 'em, and then he started in and drowned out my speech."

"Yes, certainly. I'll speak to him." He puttered restlessly after the newcomer, and presently called to him across the darkness of the stage, "Rogers!"

"Yes."

"Oh—a—You said there was going to be a big house?"

"Packed, they tell me." Rogers paused with a foot on the stair and looked sharply at the stage manager. "I suppose there's no news come about Farnum's wife."

"No."

The actor made an anxious little noise with his lips, and went up to the dressing-room, which he shared with Farnum. The room was damp and chilly, and he lighted the two gas-jets to warm it. As he turned on the electric light in its wobbling little globe, he perceived that Greeley had followed him upstairs and stood uneasily in the open doorway. He was very much astonished, and Greeley favored him with a hesitating, incompetent smile. "It's a horrible responsibility, Rogers. There—there has a telegram come for Farnum. I can't tell him so, you know!"

"What in —— did you tell me for, then? I don't want to know!" He was very much distressed and troubled, and he looked at Greeley with a savage frown. "You're not going to give it to him till after the matinee, I suppose?"

"Not—ah—not till after to-night's performance. It's my orders, you know, Rogers. They've been pretty blamed strict at the office since Blanche Hampton got a telegram that her husband was run over and walked right out in the middle of a performance. These blamed women, you can't tell what they'll do!"

"I can tell you what a man tried to do, all right. Dave tried to go East last night. There wasn't any train; there won't be until three something this afternoon. That's what's saved your matinee."

"Good Lord!" panted Mr. Greeley, wiping his forehead. "If he had got away! I don't know what I should have said to the office. Look here, Rogers, it's about half-hour—you don't think he's gone to the depot, do you? You think he's coming here all right?"

"He'll come here, if it's only to look for mail. I left him hanging around the hotel, waiting for his telegram. He doesn't suppose that brother-in-law of his'd be fool enough to send it here. Though he's fool enough to do anything, Sullivan. The telegram he sent that boy last night he ought to have been hanged for. 'Operation a failure; Jess can only live a few hours. Will telegraph? God! Will telegraph! If she had to die in a few hours, why couldn't he keep it to himself till she was—well, dead, poor little soul? It would have saved Farnum all this suspense—suspense without any hope in it; it's enough to

drive him mad. He's a good fellow, Dave is, or the way he feels he'd go to-day anyhow. But a man with two little kids to take care of—I said to him last night, 'Look how you've had to economize all the fall, just to keep things going. Have you been to a good hotel? Have you got a decent overcoat? Haven't you lied to your wife about your salary, so she'd think you kept enough for yourself? And all to pay current expenses. Have you paid for this operation? Have you saved for the summer yet? If you go now you lose your engagement at the beginning of the winter, when you can't get another, and this company belongs to the Trust; they'd never have you again; you know what that means. Now, can't you make up your mind to stay here for your children?' He looked right past me, and said, 'Yes, if I can't—reach—her.'"

"We could let him go for the funeral," Mr. Greeley mumbled. "We could let him go to-night after the piece, if there was a train. Somebody could get up in the part by Monday. But these two performances—"

"Well, if he knew she was dead, he'd play your two performances; we're used to that kind of thing in this business. But if he thinks there's the least chance of his setting eyes on her alive, there isn't any reasoning or any management can hold him. The children, the operation, the winter, every mortal thing will go by the board; and I can't say I blame him. A doctor that came into the hotel office as we got back from the depot last night told us if the facts were such and so she might live a couple of days. Well, it's a three days' trip, you know. Farnum wired them—it was about two in the morning—"Next train to-morrow afternoon. How is she now?" and again at five, "Is she alive now? and you've got the answer in your pocket?"

"Ssh!" cried Mr. Greeley, fumbling with the envelope. But Farnum was not within hearing. On the stage below the scenery was being slammed into place, and above the jumbled noises rose the voice of the leading lady screaming for the property-man; no pursuing

footstep was tracking Mr. Greeley down. "I wonder what she wants now?" said Mr. Greeley aimlessly.

"That's only Bella. Why couldn't you keep this business to yourself, Greeley? You haven't got to dress with the man."

"It's my orders," reiterated the unfortunate stage manager.

"But what did you tell me for?—You'll have to come in or go out, Greeley; I've got to make up."

Mr. Greeley wavered miserably out and disappeared, and Rogers kicked the door to and stood drumming on the make-up shelf with violent fingers.

What was he to do? After all, ought Dave to know about the telegram? Even if he did know, Greeley wouldn't surrender it, and if there was a fuss, he, Rogers, might lose his position; he would be done for, with that management, at any rate, and that management was in with the Trust. Surely it wasn't his fault if Sullivan was unreliable and didn't send his messages in the way they should go! But he did not know how he should face Farnum. What did the telegram say? Was she really dying, poor little girl, or was she already— He always thought of the Farnums as adventurous children, and he remembered almost with a start that their boy was four years old. "We marry to—young in this business," he ejaculated.

The theatre was beginning to grow populous and busy; its damp despondency was threaded by brisk voices, and thawed into comfort with the warmth of gas. Rogers's dressing-room was above the prompt entrance, close to the auditorium; he could hear the boys tearing up to the gallery, calling and stumbling. The steam had just been turned on, and it spit and rumbled in the crackling pipes. The afternoon was settling to the trivial homely business of a matinee—the business which in the workaday life of acting it is so difficult to believe can really be interrupted. With something of a sigh, Rogers, too, prepared for harness. He took off his coat, and then loitered before the make-up shelf with his necktie hanging. How pretty Jessie Farnum was! What a kind, hopeful, girlish look she had! Suppose that she were still alive and expected that this telegram would bring her husband to her? The comedian knocked at the door, and wanted to know if Farnum had come, if there was any news of Farnum's wife? No, Rogers said, no news. The comedian said there was going to be a cracking audience out front and departed. Looking after him, Rogers began to experience the emotions which had driven Greeley to seek a confidant.

He took out his watch. It was past half-hour. Very likely Farnum would not come in till overture was called. What kind of state would he be in when he did come? How ghastly it would be if he talked about her! How ghastly it would be if he didn't! Rogers was fond of Dave Farnum; he liked Jessie as he liked few women. Dave had known that, and it had led him to some few intimate talks of her. She moved in Rogers's consciousness sweet with the qualities which Dave had taught him to admire and expect—a kind heart, an innocent courage, gentleness, constancy, a bright, cordial way of speech, a certain fall of her hair over one temple, a certain line of her wrist as she shook hands.—There was another knock, and the ingenue came in hurriedly and sat down on Farnum's trunk.

"Mr. Rogers," she said, "poor Mr. Farnum hasn't any news yet, has he, about his wife?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Isn't it all dreadful? I heard about it this morning. Mr. Farnum's so sweet and good. I saw Mrs. Farnum at the station. She's very pretty—don't you think so?—like a young girl. They've got two children, haven't they?"

"Yes. One's a baby. God knows what they'll do without her."

"He's very fond of her," said the ingenue softly.

"If he hadn't been so fond of her," said Mr. Rogers, with a kind of hoarseness, "he mightn't have to stay away from her now. It's no wonder she looks like a young girl. It's been his one thought to keep her happy—to keep her gratified and light-hearted. I had



GREELEY STOOD UNEASILY IN THE OPEN DOORWAY

dinner with them before we left; they've got the prettiest little flat you ever saw, and when he's away her mother lives there with her, and they've got a servant and the Lord knows what. I said to Farnum it was no wonder she and the children were always dressed to kill, if his wife had nothing to do but to make clothes, and he gave me one of those grandee looks of his and said: 'I didn't marry her to keep her in the kitchen.' I didn't marry her to—that's all very well, but who's Farnum, and what kind of salary does he get that they should all trot off to the country in the summer and people here and there to dinner, and a fur coat down to her knees that he smuggled in from Canada—one thing and another? I tell you it costs money! And if you admire anything about the place, you'd think they'd cut the whole thing out of an old cigar-box! Dave built the couch, and Dave painted the woodwork, and Dave made the piano out of a toothbrush, I dare-say, and Jess picked this up for a dollar and ninety-nine cents, and Jess saved so many thousands of watermelon seeds and made portières of 'em—it's not so funny, is it? Poor old Dave! poor boy!"

The ingénue sighed. "I wish the telegram would get here in time for him to catch the three o'clock train. Mr. Hamilton says he might reach her yet."

"Oh! Sullivan could keep it from getting here on time if anybody could. He's an adept at anything clumsy, Sullivan is."

She sighed again and rose. "Well, I must—Why, what's the matter?"

They listened; Rogers with the nervous apprehension of hearing Farnum in a fight. Suddenly he smiled. "Bella wants the steam turned off, that's all."

"Oh, yes, of course," said the ingénue. "It's Miss Cortelyou."

"Well, I'm late. I must go and dress."

The door closed after her, and Rogers plunged into his make-up. It was blotchy and ineffective; all his efforts to improve it made it worse. If only he had not got started about that flat of the Farnums! He remembered it so well, and all the happiness it had held: the little Sunday dinners when, the servant being out, Jessie Farnum waited on the table and everybody helped with the dishes; the evenings, when everybody came to play cards, and sing, and eat Welsh rabbits, feeding little Dave with forbidden mouthfuls; and then the quiet flat last June, with Jessie in the steamer-chair at the window, and her baby on her breast. Rogers's unfortunate memory recalled a walk he had taken with the Farnums one warm September night. They had gone into the park; Rogers had come up from a Twenty-eighth Street boarding-house, and it seemed infinitely remote and late and tranquil in the sweet whispering darkness of the trees. And on the way home Mrs. Farnum had lost her locket, and had made them turn back to look for it, and had mercilessly walked and peered and scrambled in the search. It was Rogers who found it, lying open and a little battered, under an electric light, and he saw what it contained. Flattened like a mat under the little glass was what Mr. Rogers prosaically described as "a great hunk" of Farnum's thick, fair hair. When the boy himself saw into the locket under the high white light, there were tears in his eyes. He—Rogers flung on a coat and went downstairs and knocked on the door of Miss Cortelyou, the leading lady. "Bella!" he called, "get something on, will you? I've got to talk to you!"

The leading lady had come to the eyelash stage of her make-up, and she waved Rogers to a seat with the hand that held a tiny brush. "Sit down, Roggie," she said. "I'm trying a new make-up. Spencer wrote me about it." Spencer was her husband.

Rogers drew a stool to a confidential nearness and sat looking at her. What she had "got on" was a blue kimono expensively embroidered with gold birds; she had position, she had influence, she was still young and very pretty, very popular, she could not be lightly dealt with, nor easily replaced; if it were she now who would tell Farnum—he recoiled from the shabbiness of the thought. He had only come to talk things over with her.

"You paint them on with this dear little brush," said Miss Cortelyou. "You don't put anything on your lashes, and then you paint lashes down on to your cheeks like shadows; they say it's the way they do in Paris. Now look, Roggie, do you suppose they'll show from front? Now look! What were you going to say when you came in?"

"Bella," said Mr. Rogers, "there's a telegram here for Farnum."

"Oh, my Lord!" said Miss Cortelyou. She plumped her hands down on the make-up shelf and stared into Rogers's face.

"And Greeley's got it."

"Greeley's got it?" she said blankly; and then, "Oh! they won't let him go."

"Of course they won't." He beat a nervous tattoo upon the make-up shelf. "But what did they tell me for? That's what I want to know. What did they tell me for?"

"He's a fool, that Greeley," declared Miss Cortelyou, extricating Greeley from the managerial plural with energetic contempt. "I'm not going to put a foot on that stage if he lets them turn the steam on like this

again. He doesn't even know enough to ring up and ring down, he— What did you tell me for, Roggie? Do you want me to tell Farnum?"

"My dear girl! It's no affair of yours!"

"But if he doesn't see her again!—My baby's six years old to-day," she inconsequently added, choking up.

A silence fell. Miss Cortelyou carefully dried her eyes, she blew her nose, and put some more powder on it.

"When he does get that telegram," she began with growing cheer, "there'll simply be the devil to pay. And I should think there would! It's a good thing for them they never tried any of those tricks on me! Do you suppose if my baby was in danger, and that was my telegram—what did you tell me for, Roggie? You've made me sick. I shan't be able to act!" Her mouth quivered. She looked at it in the glass and touched it up with the end of a finger she had dipped into the lip-rouge. "It wouldn't take me two minutes to tell him if I thought she was alive."

"If I knew she was alive," continued Miss Cortelyou, her self-esteem mounting with the sound of her own

"What's the use of making such a bluff? You'll only—"

"Bluff! You people in this company don't know me yet. You think Cortelyou's so easy-going that you can always get around her, but I want to tell you that when I say a thing I mean it." She was continuing to get ready for the performance, moistening little sections of hair into points as a preparation for the curling-iron. She thrust the iron fiercely into the gas as she said to Rogers: "I'm very slow to get worked up, but once I'm started, Lorenzo nor Engle nor the whole Trust couldn't stop me! If I make up my mind to close this theatre to-day, it won't be the first time I've kept a house dark. If Spencer were here, he could tell you—" There was a knock at the door. Miss Cortelyou lowered portentously at Rogers from under the curling-iron. "Come in!" she cried.

Mr. Greeley entered. "You wanted to speak to me, Miss Cortelyou." He looked with some surprise at Rogers.

"Mr. Greeley," said Miss Cortelyou, with volcanic calm, "is it true that you are detaining a telegram addressed to Mr. Farnum?"

Mr. Greeley's eyes popped forward, and he came as near to stiffening himself as the gelatinous quality of his physique would let him. But privately he stood in mortal terror of Farnum and the inescapable moment of their reckoning, and he almost instantly collapsed. "You had no business to tell her!" he quavered reproachfully to Rogers.

"You had no business to tell me either." Mr. Rogers extracted what comfort he could from this reflection.

Miss Cortelyou waved him out of the discussion. "You needn't suppose he's backing me up in this. I don't expect any help from anybody in this business, least of all from any of the men in it. I just sent for you, Mr. Greeley, to tell you I wasn't going to put a foot on that stage till Dave Farnum gets his telegram."

A sense of the inadequacy of human speech surged upon the brain of Mr. Greeley and overpowered it. As he looked into the face of Miss Cortelyou, and beheld its mingled fury and complacence, he was tremulously and impotently aware of his desire to strike her. He felt that he would have given a week's salary to let her know for once what a silly thing he thought her. What he said was: "Oh, come, come! Miss Cortelyou!"

"All right," said Miss Cortelyou. "If you think you can give this performance without me, you give it. You've got an understudy, I suppose. She can wear all my dresses if she wants 'em." She knew very well that no understudy work had been assigned as yet, and she threw back her head in triumph. "If you'd attended to your business, you could let Farnum go as well as not and put his understudy on. Where are your understudies, anyhow? Bring out your—"

"Miss Cortelyou!" The exasperated Greeley found his voice. "I never heard of such unprofessional conduct! I never heard of such a thing in all my life! How—how dare you? How dare you carry on like this about no affair of yours?"

"Well, I guess I'll make it my affair then, when that poor woman's dying off there and got two little bits of children, poor, sweet, pretty things! People always say to me, 'Bella Cortelyou, you've got a great big heart, that's what you've got,' and it's kept me back in my career; I know that; but I don't care. And when I think

maybe that poor little soul's dead this minute, and you with her message in your pocket— What does it matter about your miserable performance? What does it matter to Lorenzo if he does lose a few hundred dollars? Just suppose it was your own wife! You wouldn't care a hang for any audience, you—"

"Miss Cortelyou," cried Mr. Greeley, "I oughtn't to stop and argue with you one minute, but see here—I do know, well enough, what I'd do, or any other man, and it's because of that, because he'd throw over everything, and leave us in the lurch, with no performance to-day, that for my own wife's sake I don't dare to tell him, Miss Cortelyou." There was a little silver toy of a whiskey-flask mixed up with a package of lime-drops on the make-up shelf, and Mr. Greeley wabbled a flabby hand at it as he continued: "I won't deny it was my own weakness lost me my position two or three years running, and I don't suppose I'll ever get back to what my wife had a right to expect when she married me. But I promised her this season, when I got in with the Trust again, I wouldn't let anything on God's earth put me out this time, and I won't. I'm as sorry for Farnum as any man, but it's my wife and children against him, and I'm going to look out for mine!"

"Fifteen minutes!" The property-boy tapped at the door; "fifteen minutes, Miss Cortelyou."

"You hear the time," she said, and raised her brows.

When Mr. Greeley attempted to be firm, he invariably blustered. "All right!" he cried, "please yourself. But if I were you, I'd pay some attention to the time on my own account. You can work a bluff once too often, Miss Cortelyou, and the management's getting pretty tired of this sort of thing. A man's at his wit's end with you. But for me, I'm through. This matinee's the best house this season, and I'm not going to have the curtain held one minute."



FARNUM FLUNG HIMSELF INTO A CHAIR AND BROKE INTO NOISY CRYING



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THE FIFTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS I

PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR

This picture was taken from the Members' Gallery, opposite the rostrum, immediately after the House had convened at noon, November 9. Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, the newly chosen Speaker, is in the chair; directly in front of him stands Chaplain Couden, offering prayer. On either side of the Chaplain are the reading clerks, the five official stenographers being seated in front of them. The two men at the smaller desks are Associated Press reporters. The

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ESS IN EXTRAORDINARY SESSION

SPECIALLY FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY

Joseph G.
Chaplain
ers. The

Press Gallery is above the Speaker, behind the clock; the Diplomatic Gallery is in the right of the picture, where the greatest number of spectators are seated. When the photograph was made the Members of the House had not yet drawn for their permanent seats, but George B. McClellan, the newly elected Mayor of New York City, may be seen directly in the middle of the picture, his head silhouetted against the low white columns supporting the stenographers' desk.

"Aren't you?" said Miss Cortelyou. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to have it go up on schedule time, and when your cue comes you'll go on for it, as you always do. I notice you've never missed a performance yet."

"Oh, you reproach me with that, do you?" As she talked Miss Cortelyou had been cramming into her already elaborate tresses the hairpins attached to several formless little bunches of false curls. She now drew back, completed, from the mirror, and gazed into it for one last scrutiny. Satisfied, she kicked off her slippers, and put on a stage pair, glanced at her first-act dress as it hung ready and waiting on the opposite wall, and flung herself into a chair. In an excess of formal feeling she drew her kimono across her petticoat and fastened it with a hatpin. She folded her arms. "Now, Mr. Greeley, let's see you make me go on."

Mr. Greeley fumbled with the door, wondering whether it would be wise to go out and bang it. He had no great fear that Miss Cortelyou would carry out her threat to its extremity, but she might carry it out far enough to delay the performance—to make two or three overtures necessary, for instance—and get him into trouble with the front of the house. Mr. Freedman, the business manager, was not a person to be trifled with.

"It's getting late, Roggie," said Miss Cortelyou. "You'd better dress, in case there's a performance."

"No," said Mr. Rogers; "it don't take me long. I get you into this nonsense, Bella, and I'll sit it out."

A little travelling clock on the make-up shelf ticked steadily. Miss Cortelyou discovered that her rings had got into the powder-box, extricated them, blew on them, polished them with her handkerchief and slipped them on her fingers. The contrast between the silence of the little room and the noises of the busy stage outside became intolerable. On the floor above, Farnum must be making up now, miserable, passive, unconscious of the battle, and three days' journey to the east a girl dead or dying, waited for him. Miss Cortelyou sat in an ominous quiet and turned up her nose.

Suddenly the overture was called. The property-boy hailed Mr. Greeley from without. "It's overture, Mr. Greeley. Shall I ring in?"

"Yes. Or—no—wait a minute. Well, yes; I guess you'd better."

"Huh?" said Miss Cortelyou.

A footstep with a peculiar drag in it passed the door.

"There's Dave," said Rogers.

"Why, that's not his step."

"Yes, it is. He's been up all night, you know."

The overture burst forth. Even through the closed doors it had a sound of exasperating triumph, security, and inevitable procedure. Miss Cortelyou stirred uncomfortably.

The overture played itself out. Mr. Greeley must

go forth now, if ever, to give the signal for the lights and to ring up the curtain. He delayed. Miss Cortelyou moved her fingers nervously, but he was no observer. The stage manager sank to an appeal. "Good Lord, Miss Cortelyou, do hear reason. I—"

"Greeley!" It was the voice of Freedman, the business manager. He gave a sharp little rap and entered. His quick, un hurried nod was all that acknowledged Rogers and Miss Cortelyou. "Greeley! anything wrong? You haven't rung up."

"Why?" said Mr. Greeley; "Miss Cortelyou—I ah—Farnum—well, really?"

"Miss Cortelyou," said Mr. Freedman, turning to her. He spoke in the manner of a school-teacher who allows the next child to explain itself.

"Why," she hesitated, "I think that boy ought to have his telegram. I think it's wicked. Yes, I do. I couldn't act," she stopped, biting her lips. The easy tears crept into her frightened eyes.

"She has refused to go on!" cried the stage manager, puffing up.

"That's entirely your affair, Miss Cortelyou," said Mr. Freedman. "The curtain is going up at once. I have no time to communicate with the office now. If the performance comes to a standstill at your entrance cue, you must settle with them afterward. Ring up, please," he said to Greeley.

The leading lady burst out crying. "If Spencer only had an engagement! If I only had my little girl's school-bills paid! Well, I can't go on in a kimono, can I?" she cried.

"You want another overture? It will have to go into your report to the office, Mr. Greeley?"

"Well," she sniffed, "if you'll get out I've got time to put my dress on after the curtain is up. But I swear to Heaven if it was my baby, or even if it was Spencer—"

The conquerors started to withdraw. Rogers rose to follow them as Freedman's satisfied voice again issued his command to Greeley, "Ring up!"

At that moment the door opened and Dave Farnum stepped into the room.

Every one stood still. Farnum closed the door and looked at them. He himself looked extraordinarily ill and quiet. It was not the quiet of rigidity, but of a fatigue so entire that it acted on his manner like a drug. A terrible weight depended upon his smallest movement; there appeared in him an excessive composure, dreary and formidable, and when he spoke his voice dragged heavily with the ineffable languor of a man who is done with life. Rogers noticed that he had on a particularly careful make-up.

"Any message for me, Greeley?" he said.

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Farnum? Why, no."

Farnum's look travelled from one face to another. Then he answered. "That's a lie, isn't it?"

The property-boy called. "Mr. Greeley, shan't I ring up, sir?"

"There may be a message to-night, Farnum," said the business manager; "there's none now."

"Oh!" said Farnum, gently, turning toward the door; "then I must start, anyhow."

The business manager stepped in front of the doorway, and the stage manager lumbered after him. "One moment," said the business manager; "let's talk sense."

"I wouldn't stand there, if I were you," said Farnum.

Miss Cortelyou ran to him and began to sob aloud. "Oh, Farnum, do think what you're doing! You can't get to her, you know you can't get to her, Farnum, anyhow!" She put out a timid hand and pulled his sleeve. "Think of your children—"

"She's my wife." He turned on her with a jerk. He had lifted his eyes, and the cruel life in them was somehow a relief and comfort to her. "Do you understand what that means? She's my wife. I didn't marry her to let her die all alone." His mouth shook in a kind of spasm, and he stopped speaking. Rogers, coming up to him, put a hand on his arm and said: "Greeley's got your telegram, Dave."

Mr. Greeley had neither youth nor desperation, nor had nature fashioned him for mortal combat. He fell back out of Farnum's grasp minus the telegram and feeling of his throat. No one noticed him, not even Freedman. All eyes were bent on Farnum, on the telegram. It was so still that the impatient shuffling and stamping of the big audience came clearly into the hot little room. Farnum slit the envelope and drew out the paper, he smoothed it with a steady hand and read the message through. His face did not change, and he read it through again. Suddenly the paper dropped to the ground; he flung himself into a chair, with his face in his arms, and broke into noisy weeping.

They were all at a standstill. With an apologetic gesture of necessity, Freedman picked up the telegram, and in a low voice read it to the others: "No need to come now—" (Oh, God!" sobbed Miss Cortelyou. "Oh, poor—") "No need to come now. Alarm a little hasty. Crisis past. Sudden change for the better. Thought you ought to know. Sullivan."

There was a long pause. Mr. Freedman frowned gently and sucked in his mouth. The stage manager loosened his damaged collar, took his breath and blew his nose. "Mr. Greeley!" implored the property-boy, "do you want me to ring up? The audience is getting as mad as the doose. Shall I ring up, sir?"

Mr. Greeley glanced at the chair where Farnum was still making noises into his hands. "No!" he called. "Let 'em wait, then. Give 'em another overture. Curse 'em, let 'em wait!" He went over and flopped an ineffectual hand upon the breadth of Farnum's shoulders. "Why, now!" he said; "why, there!"

The first notes of the second overture rang gayly out.

GLADSTONE'S PERSONALITY

LIGHT ON THE ENGLISH STATESMAN: WHAT HE WAS IN PUBLIC IMPORT AND IN PRIVATE NATURE

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

PERSONAL EQUATIONS

THE Duke of Devonshire, who recently resigned from Mr. Balfour's Cabinet, will never be so well known in America for his extended political career as he is for wearing a secession badge in New York, during our Civil War, when he was Lord Hartington. Because Abraham Lincoln, insulted by this performance, and not wishing to protest, when they were introduced, solved the situation by addressing the nobleman as "Mr. Partington," Lord Hartington is to us part of an immortal anecdote. Our country is most interested in that part of the history of another country which most nearly affects itself, and, next to the most conspicuous events, what gains widest currency is the anecdote.

Mr. Gladstone is of peculiar interest to America not merely because he was the foremost English statesman of recent times, but also because, in several ways, his career was related to American concerns. He lacks, on the other hand, the anecdotal charm. Few stories can be told about him, of the sort in which traditions about great men usually abound. Queen Victoria complained that in private audience he addressed her as if she were a public meeting, and to the world now he is without much individuality—above all things an impersonal force.

Yet even on the human side, Mr. Morley's splendid biography* throws much new light. No student of contemporary English history will ever dispense with this book, the most important biography in English, certainly, since Lockhart's "Life of Scott." It has been compared with Trevelyan's "Macaulay," but they are not in the same class. Knowing a little of Macaulay, I read Trevelyan with very slight modification of impressions already received. Having some time ago made a special study of Gladstone, and now reading Mr. Morley's biography, I have been almost overwhelmed with the new material. Familiar incidents are illuminated, changed in their nature not so much by unknown facts as by the large white light that is shed upon them, the full knowledge of the man and of history which puts each detail in its perspective. Mr. Morley has accomplished the superb biographical feat of presenting a great man favorably without apology, argument, or defence. Some years ago, when I was more interested in flavor than in fact, I attacked Mr. Morley for an absence of human warmth and naturalness. That essay rankles and shames me now. But while the earlier judg-

ment was callow, it is only fair to add that this book is by far the ablest product of Mr. Morley's pen, far the best written, in mere style, as well as the biggest and best-balanced—an artistic presentation, entirely free from thesis. Confession of error is good for the soul.

AN ACTUAL BOY

NEVER BEFORE has there been accessible any material which changed Gladstone from the vast working machine into the living, hoping, regretful, humble human being—into the man realizing the lot of man. Into his speeches and his many other volumes nothing crept of that common human fate which makes the whole world kin. Stirring they are, multiform, energetic, startling in ability, moving, as a cyclone moves. In popular biographies, the intimate side is often fed out to the public with no adequate handling of events and qualities which made the hero important—a weak method, encouraged, however, by an insistent demand. Mr. Morley brings in the private man with perfect tact, just enough to leaven the public story.

It almost startles us when we see Gladstone himself describing his inner life as "extraordinarily dubious, vacillating, and, above all, complex," taking precautions against "an odious Pharisaism," and being sure that he could not have been an interesting child. Such a vision of himself is as unexpected as when he alleges against his boyish self "a priggish love of argument." He read Froissart and Hume, but only for the battles, and always skipping when he came to sections headed a Parliament. He was a boy, in short, though with

more power than other boys. Most of us, familiar in a reading way with his career, would expect to find not the real boy, but a youth like that of the legendary Washington, studying behind the door and altogether surpassing even Sunday-school ideals. At Eaton he played chess and cards, and usually lost, and gave wine parties with frequency, the wine being furnished by his father. His youthful eloquence, sweeping and florid, reminds one of the boyish Daniel Webster's declamations, of Lincoln's turgid early speeches, and of the initial excesses of most men whose later lives have produced eloquence of the ordinary sort.

It was when he was about twenty that a change came. He shook off all indolence, all self-indulgence, and set his face irrevocably toward accomplishment. "The time for half-measures and trifling and pottering," he decided, "in which I have so long indulged myself, is now gone by, and I must do or die."

Only a year later he writes: "When shall we learn wisdom? Not that I see folly in the fact of playing cards, but it is too often accompanied by a dissipated spirit."

George Washington wasted time over cards also, in his youth, but you do not find him worrying about it. Washington was the greater man, but you can search his history in vain for as much human detail as appears in Morley's "Gladstone." To make Washington especially human is to falsify the facts. That Mr. Gladstone had the many little touches which make a decidedly personal character, we now learn for the first time, and we can trust them, even after making allowances for the literary instinct which he had and which Washington lacked.

FAITH AND ACTION

AT TWENTY-ONE he quotes thus from his favorite poet:

One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists—one only, an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, how'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power,
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.

Religion came with Gladstone perhaps even ahead of politics, a religion strongly militant, yet one which genuinely infused his life. His nature was that of an ecclesiastic. He would never have endured the cloister, for, as Mr. Morley says, he had none of Milton's "quiet air of delightful studies," and none of Pascal's "laboring for truth with many a heavy sigh." The



* "Life of Gladstone" By John Morley. Three vols. The Macmillan Co., 1903.

end of everything with him was not knowing but doing. His faith went with the temperament of a Knight Templar, but it was something, nevertheless, which never ceased to influence him, to a degree that, in our day, it seldom influences leaders of democratic thought. Indeed, he is almost unique in history for this combination of ecclesiasticism and political democracy. This combination required a tolerance and a deep comprehension of the judicious boundaries of separate forces that he has probably been seldom credited with. It is the more wonderful if we fully realize the degree of his ecclesiastic devotion. "I contemplate secular affairs," he writes, "chiefly as a means of being useful in church affairs," yet even then, at thirty-four, he was cautious of mingling the two. This was the man who could take the side of Bradlaugh, when the famous atheist refused to take the oath in the House of Commons, because it required a belief in God. Of all the wonderful aspects of a wonderful life, his steadily increasing leadership for political liberty, combined with his extreme church loyalty, stands among the first. If this performance is paralleled in history I do not think of the instance.

His adherence to the Church as an institution was mingled with, even based upon, the strongest spiritual feelings. In politics, what he missed was the spiritual element. He saw what a training is given by a work continually tested by results, which forces one who lives that life to strip away extravagant anticipations, drop fallacies, perceive mistakes, and reduce estimates to reality. "No politician has any excuse for being vain." He is almost forced into resisting temper, suppressing pain, and losing small personal considerations in the mighty occurrences with which the statesman is concerned. Yet, after all, politics is compromise, and can never be pure morality. Therefore Gladstone, who fought so valiantly to introduce morals into acts of state, can pen a judgment so severe as this: "Public life is full of snares and dangers, and

I think it is a fearful thing for a Christian to look forward to closing his life in the midst of its (to me at least) essentially fevered activity."

Earth is sick.
And heaven is weary, of the hollow words.
Which States and Kingdoms utter when they talk
Of truth and justice.

Those words from Wordsworth sum up one vast limitation of politics to Gladstone, as a source of inner satisfaction, and when the poet wrote of public life as containing inherently nutriment for the heart, the statesman was forced to disagree.

Yet this spiritual, dominating fervor came, with other seriousness, not at life's beginning. As a boy he taught in Sunday-school, as a decorous routine, with no ardent religious impulse.

NATURE OF HIS GENIUS

WHAT THE MAN was must, to the world, be less important than what he did. His personality counts in history for little compared to his talents, except so far as his personality gave his talents their direction, and it was Gladstone's expressed belief that a politician's career should express his personal character. Gladstone's greatness was formed by his extraordinary range and volume. Without this amount of him, he could not have impregnated England as he did with a new spirit. For a time after his death, when the Liberal party went to pieces and home rule for Ireland seemed buried, it was customary to say that his influence had been such a feat of individual strength that it disappeared with him. But Mr. Wyndham's bill would not have been seen by us had Gladstone not done most of the initial and difficult work. The extension of the franchise and the political democracy of which it is the index can never be separated from his name. Even in foreign politics, where he was ill at ease, like the younger Pitt, he has left at least some force

toward true cosmopolitan sympathy. The startling versatility of his genius shows most in the fact that he was the greatest Chancellor of the Exchequer whom England has ever seen. Here is a mind devoted to ethics and religion, to abstract justice in politics, strong in the oratory which rushes out like a flood in a thousand directions, overwhelming the voting multitudes with its volume, and often scorning exactness for hazy enthusiasm; yet this same mind is prominent in the most pitilessly exact branch of politics. It understands finance and sees the meaning of figures with such clearness that it can hold the House of Commons half the night wrapped in delighted attention to mathematics. If Mr. Gladstone could suddenly appear now upon the scene, Mr. Chamberlain, right or wrong, would crumble into bits before the onslaught of the inspired free-trader, who would make Parliament and public alike think they saw as nefarious stupidity the plans of the Colonial Secretary and the Prime Minister, and would make them think they understood precisely why.

When Gladstone died Mr. Balfour said he had raised the public estimation of parliamentary proceedings. Gladstone had himself said that his period would be known to history as a great administrative and legislative period, perhaps the greatest in English annals—a period of emancipation, political, social, moral, intellectual, with causes brought to the issue, not numerous merely, but almost numberless, making for beneficial progress. To the masses who had become powerful, largely through him, he left a final warning that on them lay the responsibility of using their power for the interests of the whole, without distinction of class, creed, or country. He fought with immense strength and valor, that all men should have rights, freedom, and opportunity, and if they prove worthy of those gifts—if Democracy is a success—Gladstone will have been one of the greatest instruments of the welfare of mankind.

THE WEB—A Weaving of the Courts

By FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

Author of "The Case and Exceptions," "The Minority," Etc.

A STORY IN NINE PARTS : PART EIGHT : ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING PARTS.—Ainslie Lorimer, wishing to obtain a divorce from her dissolute husband, asks David Maddox, a successful young lawyer, to represent her. About the same time, Joseph Searing, a corporation magnate, engages the unscrupulous Jarvis Myrick to defend the Placento Company against a charge of fraud, brought by Abbott Frayer on behalf of his niece, Harmony Frayer, who has money invested in Searing's Company. Mrs. Lorimer, whose case Maddox refuses, upon securing the divorce, marries his best friend, Kay Evans. After employing all possible subterfuges and quibbles for the postponement of the Placento case, Myrick recognizes that his defeat by Maddox, Miss Frayer's counsel (and admirer), is inevitable. At this juncture of affairs the half-insane Lorimer brings suit, upon a strong technicality, to have the divorce set aside. Lorimer's lawyer suggests to Myrick that Lorimer's suit may be stepped if Maddox will drop proceedings against the Placento Company. Maddox, for the sake of his friend, is averse, but Frayer, though likewise a friend of Evans, absolutely refuses to draw back. Driven to desperation, Ainslie goes, armed with a revolver, to the residence of her first husband. He is absent, but next day it becomes known that Lorimer was shot in his rooms the night before.

CHAPTER XXVI

NOTWITHSTANDING his ready and confident answer, Maddox hastened toward Ainslie's hotel with many anxious misgivings. The newspaper report was scarcely more than a statement of the fact that Lorimer had been shot through the heart by a pistol fired at close range through his left side and under his arm. The body had been discovered by the night watchman, who, noticing that the door of Lorimer's apartment was open, had entered to warn the tenant of the fact. Lorimer had, it appeared, returned to his rooms about ten o'clock, and the watchman had given the alarm about twelve. The murder must have been committed between those hours. Maddox had left Ainslie at her hotel not later than half-past eight. There were three hours and a half unaccounted for.

Even in the short space of time between the watchman's discovery and the hour of going to press the reporters had collected the main facts of Lorimer's life with tolerable accuracy. Before another morning they would ferret out every detail of Ainslie's private affairs. It would not be possible to keep secret the story of Lorimer *vs.* Lorimer. Certainly Rutledge, Bailey & Nugent were no longer interested in concealing it. Lorimer was dead, and with his death their hold upon Placento matters ended. That story alone would make every one who heard it suspect Ainslie—it would convince no small proportion of those who suspected her. But when the history of the previous evening was known there would be few who would be charitable or judicial enough to doubt her guilt. Would it have to be known?

Maddox's thought stopped for a moment at the question. Then slowly, almost stealthily, he began to follow up its suggestion.

If he concealed these important facts, would he not become an accessory to the deed? Did not the law demand of all good citizens every fact and circumstance calculated to aid the ends of justice? Did it not doubt demand this of lawyers—the sworn officers of the Court? How many times had he himself invoked this doctrine in enforcing the law as a public prosecutor in California?

On the other hand, how could he ever look his fellow men and women in the face again if he put the bloodhounds of the law on the track of this woman—the wife of his dearest friend? Not only put them on her track, but weighted her with a chain of circumstantial evidence so heavy that she might never escape? He was justified in protecting the innocent by every means at his disposal, despite the letter and the spirit of the law, if those did not tend to promote justice. But was

she innocent? Maddox stopped at the question, but almost immediately pressed forward again, brushing through the pitiless tearing thorns of doubt, his eyes searching the tangle for a sanctuary.

She had been beside herself. She was not accountable for her actions. And yet he had left her at her hotel that night convinced that she was entirely irresponsible and in no need of surveillance. It was inconceivable that he had not considered the possibility of a relapse and guarded her accordingly. If he had taken the precautions which his knowledge of her condition demanded, this thing would never have happened. He was guiltier than she. His duty to her and those dear to her was greater than any public duty. The unwritten law of honor and friendship and right was higher than any civil or criminal code. If he had to break his oath as a lawyer to obey that higher law, he would do it, even if he never entered a court again.

It took David Maddox less than fifteen minutes to disturb his most settled opinions, to uproot his most deep-centred convictions, to destroy his most cherished ideals of the law and to offer them on the altar of his conscience as a sacrifice to friendship.

Ainslie was in her rooms when Maddox reached the hotel, and he was at once shown to her private parlor. An open newspaper lay upon the table, but there was nothing in her face or manner to indicate that she had received any shock from the story it contained. She seemed perfectly calm and self-possessed, but her calmness was no longer a forced physical condition, but rather a natural mental serenity. The moment the servant closed the door she stepped forward quickly, took Maddox's hands in both of hers, and held them for a moment without speaking, looking straight into his eyes.

"It is a Providence," she whispered at last. "I suppose I am wicked to say so, but I can not help it. It is a blessed, blessed Providence."

She released his hands, and, seating herself, motioned him to a chair.

"Tell me," she continued, touching the newspaper. "Is there anything more known than is stated here?"

Maddox shook his head.

She started as she noticed the expression of his face.

"You don't think this will bring that horrible divorce suit to light—do you?" she asked, suddenly, grasping his arm. "Oh, surely they wouldn't be cruel enough to publish that now! It would do no good and—"

She stopped and looked anxiously into his face. Maddox groped for words to soften the question which had to be asked. But none came to him. He spoke her name almost tenderly.

"Ainslie," he began very quietly, "what makes you think Lorimer committed suicide?"

She stared at him in blank amazement for a moment, and then touched the newspaper by her side without removing her eyes from his face.

"Why—this, of course. It says so—doesn't it?" She drew the paper toward her slowly and then suddenly glanced at it.

"No," she continued. "I see it puts a question mark after the heading 'Richard Lorimer a Suicide?' Didn't he kill himself? Isn't it true—at all?"

Maddox's heart sank as he heard the last words whispered. "Yes, he is dead," he answered quietly, "but he was shot through his left side and under his arm, and no paper I have seen, except yours, even hints at suicide."

"Then you—they think he was murdered?"

The question was asked with intense amazement and interest, but with no note of horror or distress.

Maddox nodded. "There has been no suggestion of suicide," he reiterated.

"But who could have killed him? They haven't discovered that? There was no robbery? Who could have done it?" she continued wonderingly. "He had no friends to speak of, but I never knew him to quarrel with any one. His nature was too weak and yielding to make people hate him, and when he was under the influence of his drugs, he was merely pitiful, or at most contemptible. I don't believe he had an enemy in the world.—Certainly there was no one who would have wished for his death unless—except—"

She paused, gazed steadily at Maddox for an instant and then leaped to her feet.

"Dave!" she burst out hoarsely. "You think I killed him! You think I am a murderer!"

He rose and for a heart-beat they faced one another silently. Then he laid his hand upon her arm, speaking very gently. "I think of nothing, Ainslie, except that you are my friend and the wife of my friend. We have to face not what I think or know, but what other people may imagine or believe, and we must face it calmly and bravely."

She sank slowly into her chair and shaded her eyes with her hand as though trying to collect her thoughts. Maddox could hear his watch ticking the seconds, but he could not find the right word to break the silence. Suddenly she lifted her head and began speaking rapidly, but in a low tone and without excitement.

"I am not afraid, but you thought—you think—I can see it in your face, Dave—that I took that man's life. I have worked it all out, Dave," she continued. "It has come back to me—my thoughts, words, actions—your wonderful help and kindness—everything. I was out of my mind last night, Dave, but you saved me, and every detail returns to me now without any haunting horror or fear. I went to Richard Lorimer's rooms



Westervelt began his examination with the gentle, deferential method

to kill him. I confess it. I did not intend to shoot him. I carried the pistol only for my own protection. I intended to prepare an overdose of morphine for him—to allow him to drug himself to death. It all comes back to me now with a rush—but with no shudder of fear, Dave—without a shudder of fear."

Her voice broke on the words, but the sob was a sob of gladness and she smiled happily at him through her tears.

"What did you do after I left you here at the elevator door last night?" The question sounded pitiless at that moment.

"What did I do?" she repeated wonderingly. "I went straight to my bedroom and slept as I have not done since the day my mother died."

"Who knows this?"

She stared at him and shook her head.

"No one but I," she answered simply. "Don't you believe?"—she paused and gazed at him searchingly. "You don't believe me, Dave," she asserted positively.

"It is a lawyer's duty"—he began, but hesitated as she shook her head interruptingly.

"You mustn't be my lawyer, Dave—if you—if you can not believe me."

He instantly saw the danger of her tendency and hastened to avert it.

"You must not be offended when I ask questions," he interposed. "I ask them in order to keep others from questioning you. No one knows you were in Lorimer's rooms last night except ourselves. There is not the slightest reason why they should know of it. You are not obliged to testify against yourself, and I have had the history of your visit from your own lips, and I could not divulge it even if I wished to do so."

"You mean—"

"That it has become a confidential communication between lawyer and client and my lips are sealed."

He spoke confidently but she shook her head doubtfully.

"I don't like this, Dave," she continued, looking up at him smilingly. "It isn't like you at all. Why should we conceal anything? I remember reading in one of your speeches that no innocent person need ever fear the truth. Don't you think I'm innocent enough for that, Dave?"

It was impossible to look into her eyes and not believe her. She had been slowly convincing Maddox ever since he entered the room. But in the light of his dawning belief the facts loomed up uglier and more dangerous than ever.

"Yes, yes," he answered earnestly, "but you must allow me to protect you from unjust suspicions and misunderstanding."

"Not by hiding or suppressing anything—not by doing what is not true to your best self. I'd rather have you testify against me, Dave, than know you were concealing something you ought to tell. I'm sure you don't feel right about this. I can read it in your face. You must not be my counsel, Dave. I'm not afraid."

There was a knock at the door. Maddox called out an answer and then stooped and whispered quickly in her ear.

"I helped you last night, Ainslie, did I not?"

She pressed his hand gratefully.

"Then will you not help me now?"

She nodded slowly, and Maddox turned quickly to the door. At the threshold stood a hall-boy who asked for Mrs. Evans, and behind him Dave recognized Bradley Parker of the Detective Bureau.

"Mrs. Evans?" he repeated to the boy's question. "Yes. Come in, Mr. Parker." And then as the door closed, "Mrs. Evans, this is Mr. Parker of the Detective Bureau—my client, Mrs. Kay Evans—Mr. Parker."

CHAPTER XXVII

TEN DAYS later, Maddox fought his way through a mob of men and women who besieged the entrance to the Coroner's Court only to find his further progress barred by the hard-pressed door-keepers. How and where so many people had learned that the Lorimer inquest was pending passed his comprehension, but there was no time to speculate on the freemasonry which spreads such tidings. All his tact and patience were required to persuade the officials of his identity, but at last they allowed him to squeeze through the partially-opened door which the surging throng slammed behind him in a mad rush to take advantage of his entrance. For a few moments he peered through the murky atmosphere seeking for Ainslie. But it was difficult to distinguish one face from another in the poor light, so he pressed his way slowly through the densely-packed spectators and almost immediately stumbled across Rat Ricketts, who sat clutching his chair with both hands as though in fear of losing it, his watery eyes fixed in fascination on the Bench, and the few hairs of his mustache sucked tightly between his gray lips in a very ecstasy of anticipation. Maddox nodded to the process server and whispered an apology for having knocked against him, but the little man, intent on the scene before him, took no notice. As he neared the Bench, Dave noticed with increasing astonishment that Ainslie was not in the room. Indeed, he could not see a single witness or any one else he knew in all the throng of gaping faces, half screened in the rapidly-waning light. As he reached the jury box, however, an attendant turned up the lights on the Coroner's desk, and at the same moment he felt a hand laid on his shoul-

der and heard Kay Evans's voice whisper "Thank God!"

He turned and took his friend's hand, which trembled slightly in his grasp.

"Where is Ainslie?" he asked.

"In there."

Kay pointed to the witness-room.

"The Assistant District Attorney demanded that all witnesses be excluded the courtroom until they had given their testimony," he continued in a whisper, "and the Coroner ordered them all in there. Why didn't you come sooner? What does it all mean, Dave? What does it all mean?"

"Nothing. Keep calm. Everything will be all right. Take care of my hat and coat and papers, please."

Suddenly the door of the courtroom opened and Mr. Frayer entered and hurriedly made his way to the counsel table.

"Where's Harmony?" he whispered excitedly in Dave's ear.

Maddox looked his astonishment as he shook his head incomprehendingly.

"They told me at the house she had gone to the Coroner's Court," panted Uncle Abbott. "Why should she come here? Who told her about the trial? I don't understand."

Dave shook his head in utter bewilderment. Why should she come to this place? Who could have told her about it? He mentally echoed Uncle Abbott's questions with an ominous feeling of dread, but the prosecuting official was already addressing the jury, and Mr. Frayer obeyed the pressure of Maddox's hand and seated himself in the nearest chair.

There was no necessity for any opening address in this inquiry, Westervelt announced to the jury. No one was accused of the crime under investigation. The jury was summoned to hear the facts relating to the death of one Richard Lorimer. If after listening to the testimony they felt able to say at whose hands this Richard Lorimer met his death, they could name that person or persons, and the District Attorney would probably indict and try the person or persons named. The story which they were about to hear would tell itself.

One thing more. The jury must not allow the fact that a witness was represented by counsel to prejudice them against that witness. Every man and woman was entitled to legal protection—if he or she thought it necessary for safety. The District Attorney desired to be entirely fair, and therefore wished to state that Mr. Maddox was entirely justified in appearing for—No, he would not even say for whom Mr. Maddox appeared.

He turned blandly toward Dave, who at once rose from his seat.

"Why not?" he demanded sternly. "Why conceal anything? I appear for—"

"I think, perhaps, you'd better not say whom you represent, Mr. Maddox," interrupted the official. "Let us say you appear—for yourself, or—"

"Let us say nothing of the sort!" retorted Maddox. "I appear for Mrs. Evans."

"Just as you like."

The testimony began with the finding of Lorimer's body and minute details of its exact location in the rooms—the disposition of the furniture, etc., supplemented by an architect's plan of the apartment-house and photographs of Lorimer's suite. Then followed the doctor's testimony as to the cause of death, the result of the post-mortem examination, Coroner's certificates, etc. The record of Lorimer's marriage to Ainslie was next placed in evidence—then the record of her divorce in Rhode Island, followed by the testimony of two well-known lawyers proving its irregularity under the New York laws. Then came the certificate of Ainslie's marriage to Evans and the proof of the birth of their child. The record of Lorimer's suit for divorce against Ainslie was then produced, together with Maddox's formal appearance for her in that case. Thus far the proof was mostly documentary, and Maddox took no part in the proceedings, but he knew that the jury and the audience already saw where the proofs were pointing.

Westervelt then placed his legal experts again on the stand and established the fact that Lorimer's suit for divorce was well grounded in law, and would have procured a decree against his wife.

"Could anything have prevented that result?" he demanded quickly.

"Nothing but Lorimer's death," was the answer uttered before Maddox could interpose an objection. He

indignantly demanded that the question and answer be stricken from the record, and the Coroner so ordered, but the jury had already heard the testimony, and before the flush of anger had faded from Dave's cheeks, Westervelt had called Ainslie Lorimer.

The door behind the jury box opened and Ainslie stepped from the witness-room and took the stand. There was a rustle and stir of excitement in the audience as she stood quietly by the Coroner's desk and laid her hand on the Bible as the clerk administered the oath. Before her was a blurred mass of humanity in which she did not recognize one friendly face. Curious eyes met hers without sympathy or understanding, sensual eyes leered at her with no doubtful meaning, dull, puffy eyes greeted her with brutal, unfeeling stares, and vacant faces—blotted and pimpled faces, sickly, yellow, pale, ashen faces—formed a background



"Dave! You think I am a murderer!"

for the eyes. Then suddenly she saw Rat Ricketts in the crowd, mopping his damp brow with a soiled handkerchief, and exposing his gaping front teeth in a dreadful smile of recognition. It was only a few heart-beats before her eyes found Kay and Maddox, but it seemed as though she had passed through hours of desolation. The moment she saw them, however, all her confidence returned, and she met the Assistant District Attorney's close scrutiny with a glance of interest and attention.

Westervelt began his examination with the gentle, deferential method. But the questions disclosed no hidden purpose, and she answered easily and without the slightest hesitation. She told of her first acquaintance with Lorimer, and rapidly sketched their married life and her subsequent history down to the time of Lorimer's suit for divorce.

For that case she had retained Mr. Maddox, had she not?—Yes. Mr. Maddox was the man who signalled to her a moment ago, was he not? (Let Mr. Maddox keep his temper and his seat!) The witness could say whether there was any signalling or not.—Very well, then! If Mr. Maddox objected to the witness answering, let it go! Her counsel in the divorce case was Mr. Maddox—whether he signalled or not—wasn't he?—He was. And he was her present counsel, wasn't he?—Yes. And a close friend of Mr. Kay Evans?—Yes. A lifelong friend?—Yes.

The audience which had followed every word and look of the witness rustled and stirred as the prosecutor paused before taking up a new line of examination.

Mrs. Evans was not under indictment?—No. Nor accused of this murder?—No. She was not afraid of answering any question?—She was afraid of nothing? Very well, then. Kindly tell the jury if she had ever been in the apartments in which Mr. Lorimer died?—Yes, many times. Would it be possible for any one to enter the house by the front door without summoning the hall-man or janitor?—Yes. The door opened only from the inside and the tenants had no keys, but the hall-man frequently left it open in warm weather, and she had often passed into the house without seeing anything of him. And in her opinion any one could do what she had done?—Certainly.

Had Mr. Lorimer enemies?—None that she knew of. Was she not his enemy?—No, she pitied him before he commenced his legal proceedings and despised him afterward. How much did she despise him?—That was impossible to say—probably not more than other people she knew of. What people, for instance?—She did not care to say. How about Mr. Maddox—he despised Lorimer, didn't he?—She did not know. He had expressed himself pretty forcibly against him—had he not?—Not particularly so. But as Mr. Evans's most intimate friend, and as her counsel, he must have felt pretty bitterly against Lorimer?—Presumably he did. Well, who had she heard express feelings more forcibly than Maddox?—She could not say.

The examiner paused and began on a different tack—questioning her about her movements on the night of the murder, and the audience edged closer and leaned forward that it might miss no word.

What did the witness and Maddox talk about at the restaurant where they dined together the evening of the tragedy? The Lorimer case, eh? Was Maddox sanguine about its defence?—He was cheerful? Well, did he outline his plan of campaign?—He suggested that the witness call on Miss Harmony Frayer and enlist her sympathy with a view to persuading her father to allow a case of his to be traded for the Lorimer case. Maddox left the witness about 8:45?—Yes. Was he armed at the time?



No lie ever passed a woman's lips with a more convincing ring of truth

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The purpose of the question suddenly dawned upon Ainslie, and for an instant she hesitated. She had not understood the trend of the examination for some time, but she had been uncomfortably conscious of some hidden motive in the inquiries. Now it stood revealed. An attempt was being made to involve Dave!

If Mr. Maddox was armed that night the witness did not know it.

Westervelt noted the cautious answer, and like a flash his hand darted out and his finger pointed straight at Ainslie's face.

"Did not know it!" he shouted triumphantly. "When, then, did you learn it?"

All her protestations about truth and frankness suddenly roared in Ainslie's ears—every word she had uttered against evasion and prevarication mocked her in derisive accents; but, above the mental clamor of a thousand reasons, she could hear the prosecutor relentlessly rephrasing his question: "When did you learn that Maddox was armed on the night of Lorimer's murder?"

She leaned back in the chair and gazed straight into the examiner's half-closed, menacing eyes.

"I never knew it or heard it at any time!"

No lie ever passed a woman's lips with a more genuine, convincing ring of truth.

The District Attorney glowered at the witness in silence for a moment. Then he glanced meaningly at the jury, threw his handkerchief on the table with an exaggerated gesture of disgust and sat down.

"Your witness!" he muttered roughly to Maddox over his shoulder. "Cross-examine!"

CHAPTER XXVIII

MADDUX rose, and, stepping back to give the jury an unobstructed view, faced the witness for a moment in silence. A profound hush settled upon the courtroom, and the ticking of the clock on the rear wall could be heard distinctly.

"Did you kill Richard Lorimer?"

The audience held its breath to catch the answer, but Ainslie spoke clearly and with the slightest sign of nervousness.

"I did not."

"Did you ever see him after the interview in Nugent's office?"

"Never."

"Do you know anything to aid the authorities in this case which you have not yet disclosed?"

"I can think of nothing now."

The cross-examination closed, and the whole room instantly expressed its relief in a relaxing rustle and stir as Maddox resumed his seat.

The Assistant District Attorney noted the effect of the short, impressive testimony. All his careful preparation and elaborate examination had been largely nullified by three brief questions, well put and well answered. He determined to play a strong card at once, and, dismissing Ainslie with a wave of his hand, called the detective, Parker, to the witness-stand.

At the prosecutor's suggestion, Parker briefly related his interview with Ainslie and Maddox, and then Westervelt turned toward the jury and began interrogating the witness without glancing at him—watching the effect of each question and answer upon the men in the jury box.

Had the witness ever searched Mr. David Maddox's apartments?—Yes. When?—About a week ago, in the owner's absence. Did he find there this revolver?

The witness examined the weapon which the prosecutor suddenly produced from a bag. Yes, that revolver was in a locked drawer of a desk in Mr. Maddox's bedroom. Its calibre was .38. The same calibre as that with which Lorimer had been shot.

One question more.

How far was Lorimer's apartment-house from Mr. Abbott Frayer's residence?—About two miles further up town. The distance could be travelled in twenty minutes in the cars, and in half an hour by brisk walking.

The testimony was a complete surprise to Maddox, but not a muscle of his face moved as he heard the witness answer, nor did he cross-examine when the questioning ceased.

Westervelt glanced at the jury box again, and then whispered with his associate. The testimony had not produced the effect that he expected. It had plainly missed fire. He hesitated for a moment, and then called Harmony Frayer to the stand.

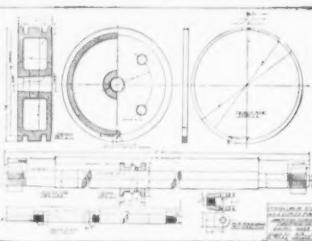
There were murmurs and whispers all over the room as the spectators asked each other who she was—the woman studying her, from her fur-trimmed turban to her patent-leather shoes—noting the cut and set of her navy-blue tailor-made suit and the effect of the long hair and muff of gray fox fur against the cloth—the men delighting in her fresh young face and beauty.

The prosecutor began his examination very gently.

Miss Frayer was the plaintiff in the case of Frayer vs. The Placente, was she not?—Yes. She came into control of that action a week or so ago—on her 21st birthday?—Yes. She knew Mr. Maddox?—Yes. He had called on her the evening of Lorimer's death?—Yes. About what time?—Approximately, at nine. Did he talk about the Placente suit?—Yes, although she did not know much about it at that time. Did he ask her to continue him as attorney when she became 21?—Yes. Did she consent?—Not at that time. . . .

Harmony's glance suddenly fell upon Rat Ricketts. The little process-server's sallow face lighted up with pride as she recognized him, but his expression immediately changed to a look of intense cunning, and, with an almost imperceptible gesture, he indicated

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Maddox's back. Something in the man's face interpreted his gesture, and as she watched him it was suddenly borne in upon her that in some unaccountable way Dave was being attacked—that he was in danger, and that she was being used against him. It all flashed upon her in an instant, and, though she did not comprehend the situation, she concentrated her attention on every question of the examiner—all her wits at work to penetrate his purpose.

.... What time did Mr. Maddox leave her house that night?—About eleven-fifteen. Could she not fix the hour closer than that? Was it not a little earlier than this?—No; later, if anything. Well, how much later? Was there not something which would help to place the exact hour? Was this a longer or shorter call than he usually made? Longer—eh? . . .

What difference did it make whether Dave had left the house at ten or twelve? Harmony's face flushed with indignation as she listened to the persistent examiner. Again she caught sight of Ricketts's face in the crowd, and this time it spoke to her through some subtle influence, and instantly the whole scope and purpose of the questioning lay bare before her. They were trying to prove that Dave was guilty of this murder, and that he had left her early enough to have reached Lorimer's rooms in time to commit the deed! It was monstrous—preposterous, but that was the undoubted purpose.

.... Was Mr. Maddox excited when he left the house that night? The question was reiterated twice before she could trust her voice to give a steady denial.

.... Was he angry?—No. Was he indignant?—No.

"That is all. Cross-examine!"

The prosecutor resumed his seat with a glance of hopeless resignation at the jury.

"No questions."

Dave looked up and smiled as he spoke the words, and Westervelt knew his case was falling to pieces.

But Harmony did not leave the chair.

"You are excused, Miss Frayer."

She glanced toward the Bench as the Coroner addressed her, half rose, and then hesitated.

"I want to say," she paused, blushing furiously. "May I say something?"—she turned impulsively to the Coroner and laid her gloved hand on his desk, "if—if I think it necessary."

"Certainly, Miss Frayer—certainly. Tell the jury anything you wish."

The Coroner bent forward encouragingly and waved his hand toward the jury box.

"I want to explain—I think I ought to say—" She paused again, her color coming and going with the words.

"Just a little louder, if you please," suggested the Coroner gently.

"I want to say that I know Mr. Maddox did not leave the steps of our house for fifteen minutes after we—after he said good-night, and then he walked downtown toward his rooms."

The District Attorney saw the force of the testimony, but he strove to lessen it by a show of careless indifference—not rising from his seat as he questioned her.

"How do you know this?"

"I saw him. I—I watched him from my window."

"Indeed? Why did you do that?"

"Because—because we had had a—a misunderstanding, and I knew I was wrong, and I hoped he would see me and come back."

The girl's face was quite white now, but she spoke the words bravely. Westervelt rose slowly from his seat, watching the faces of the jury, put his next questions deferentially, almost sadly, as though they were forced from him by a sense of duty.

"You are a close friend of Mr. Maddox's, are you not, Miss Frayer?"

"Yes."

"Are you—er—are you anything more than a friend?"

"We are good friends—comrades."

"Are you not—pardon the question, but I must ask it—Are you not his fiancée?"

"I am not."

The Assistant District Attorney resumed his seat amid dead silence.

"Any more questions, gentlemen? No? Very well. You are excused, Miss Frayer. Thank you."

There was a sympathetic murmur in the audience as the Coroner broke the silence and the girl rose to leave the stand.

Suddenly she realized the embarrassment of her position and all its hideous, humiliating possibilities. Suppose she had overestimated Maddox's danger or misapprehended the situation? Suppose she had made an uncalled-for exhibition of herself and of him? Oh, she had done this! She had blundered past all believing, and had blurted out her voluntary statement like a hysterical school-girl in the excitement of the moment. Some one had laughed in the audience as she testified. Yes, she remembered now—some one had laughed outright! She would be ridiculous in his eyes for evermore, and she had made him ridiculous. To-morrow's papers would team with her ludicrous avowal. They would picture her as a love-lorn maid with her heart upon her sleeve, if they did not depict her and Dave in a frame of true-lovers' knots! She felt, rather than saw, Maddox rise as she descended from the witness-stand, but when she approached the counsel's table he had his back turned to her, and was whispering over the shoulders of the prosecutor

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and his assistant. She slipped in beside her uncle, who covertly patted her hand as he beamed upon the young reporter who had yielded her his chair.

Maddox soon resumed his seat, but Westervelt did not immediately place another witness on the stand. He despatched a messenger from the courtroom, and there was a long pause in the proceedings before he returned and whispered something which made the prosecutor flare up angrily.

"What do I care what he wants!" he burst out angrily. "Bring him here at once. Take a warrant, if necessary, but let's have no nonsense!" Mr. Maddox, take the stand, if you please, and tell your own story."

Westervelt's manner toward Maddox had suddenly changed, and he allowed him to give a complete history of his connection with the Lorimer case without interruption or unnecessary cross-examination. Before Maddox had finished his testimony a police officer entered the courtroom with Mr. Nugent, and the moment Dave was excused the prosecutor turned to the new-comer, and the two men entered into a long whispered discussion, which grew violent as it progressed. At last Westervelt rose impatiently and addressed the Court.

"I feel in duty bound, your Honor, to call one more witness to-night. Mr. Isidor Nugent has special information as to the offer to trade this so-called Placento case for the Lorimer divorce suit—he being counsel in both actions. Of course, if this exchange was practical, and failed only for lack of Mr. and Miss Frayer's co-operation, somebody may have been driven to desperate measures, the motive of this murder may be established and—"

"Put your witness on the stand and proceed," interposed the Coroner. "It's growing late, Mr. Westervelt."

Nugent reluctantly seated himself in the witness-chair and grudgingly answered the prosecutor's questions, confining himself to "Yes" and "No" and "I don't know," whenever it was possible to do so, and covertly watching Maddox out of the corner of his eye, as the examiner slowly forced open the door hiding the Placento secrets from public view. The testimony was worthless from the prosecutor's standpoint, and he at last abandoned the witness in disgust.

Then Maddox rose and began the most remarkable cross-examination of his career. His first question, quietly delivered, flicked the witness into instant attention; the second, uncoiling slowly like a long lash, hit and stung him to writhing, and the next whipped him into a white fury of rage. Question followed question with constantly increasing speed. No sooner did Nugent wince away one inquiry with cunning avoidance, than another fell on him with the dazzling splash of a raindrop in the eyes. Then Dave—his face hawklike in intensity, and his whole bearing stern and masterful—stalked to the railing and let loose a very hailstorm of questions, whipping, stinging, and blinding the witness with its fury and its downpour—overpowering him with its irresistible force and rush. Questions poured upon him from every chink and cranny which Westervelt's examination had opened up—questions that demanded answers and forced them—questions that drew retorts and explanations—questions that mocked and taunted, insinuated and dared—questions that pried into the very foundations of the Placento litigation and rocked it on its base. Never was the saying that a good lawyer makes a bad witness more convincingly upheld. Nugent dodged and sulked and retreated, but Maddox followed, relentlessly staggering him with blast after blast of interrogation, tearing every rag and tatter of pretence from his evasions—exposing his clients to the derisive view of all beholders, and finally sweeping him away with a whirlwind of inquiry, which tore the Placento defense to a million pieces, and landed him in the scattered wreckage of the great conspiracy.

TO BE CONCLUDED

□ □

Photographs from Panama

By the time this copy of Collier's reaches our subscribers, Mr. James H. Hare, our staff photographer, will be in Colon. He sailed for the Isthmus the day after the establishment of the new republic, and with his cameras, he will reinforce our correspondents already on the spot. Collier's will therefore be able in early issues to picture the history-making events of the new Republic of Panama with its usual promptness, completeness, and accuracy.

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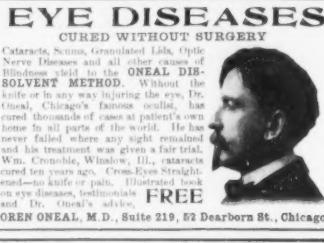
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The Monument at Nootka

By Edmond S. Meany

FRIENDLY COVE, on the west coast of Vancouver Island, is a snug little harbor at the entrance to Nootka Sound. In 1774, Juan Perez, exploring the coast northward from San Blas in Mexico, found this harbor and named it San Lorenzo de Nutka. The larger body of water became known as Nootka Sound, but the little harbor of Friendly Cove was about the only portion used by Europeans. It was the important rendezvous for explorers and fur traders. In 1792, Captain Robert Gray of Boston discovered the Columbia River and Gray's Harbor, and Captain George Vancouver, the distinguished British explorer, discovered and charted Puget Sound, but still Friendly Cove remained the important port of call. It is therefore quite natural that much of the early history of the Pacific Northwest should cluster around the name of Nootka.

The first vessel launched north of Mexico was built here, in 1788, by Captain John Meares, a British subject, who brought for this purpose Chinese artisans. He claimed to have bought land from Maquina, chief of the Nootka Indians, and on this land he built the little sloop *Northwest America*, and fortified the place. The next year his captain got into trouble with the Spanish commandant, Estevano Martinez, who seized the vessel and carried them off to San Blas. Thereupon England collected the greatest fleet of war vessels known in history up to that time. Spain was sorely threatened. At that time Spain owned Louisiana. She had been an ally of France against England in the war for American independence. For this reason Spain expected America to aid her in the coming conflict. On the other hand, England asked the privilege of marching armed troops across the United States to strike Spain in Louisiana.

The Meeting at Nootka

Spain yielded, however, before hostilities began and signed what is known as the Nootka Convention on October 28, 1790. England's exploring expedition was renewed, and Captain George Vancouver was at the same time instructed to proceed to Nootka, where he would meet a representative of Spain, who would turn over to him the lands taken away from British subjects in 1789.

This meeting was fraught with much importance to the history of the whole Pacific Coast. To mark the spot and thus to extend an international courtesy, the Washington University State Historical Society has just erected at Friendly Cove a shaft of native granite suitably inscribed.

Vancouver before going to Nootka had discovered and explored the great estuary now known as Puget Sound. On reaching Nootka, he sailed northward through the Gulf of Georgia and discovered that Nootka was really on a great island. The Spanish envoy bore the proud title of Don Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra. The two men became warm personal friends. The Spaniard asked that their names be joined as the name of some prominent geographic feature that future generations might not forget that they had met on this important business in 1792. Vancouver then wrote on his chart as the name of his newly discovered island "Quadra and Vancouver's Island." Of late years, however, the island bears only the name of Vancouver, while the memory of Quadra is being preserved by the name of a street in Victoria, B. C.

In Vancouver's journal, published in London in 1798, is a sketch of Friendly Cove, indicating the small portion of land which Quadra was willing to hand over to Vancouver. This, of course, was rejected, and each envoy agreed to send home for further instructions. Much to Vancouver's grief, Quadra died soon after his return to Mexico, and Vancouver himself grew tired waiting for the instructions and sailed for England. Thus it happened that Lieutenant Pierce and Lieutenant Alava met at Nootka in 1795 and fulfilled the terms of the revised treaty. The Spaniard was to be supreme in the south. The Englishman was to hold as much as he could of the northland in competition with Russia and the United States. Nootka is thus a sort of historic vortex in which have whirled the interests of four great nations.

The Tomb of a Savage Chief

There is another chapter in the story of Nootka. In 1803, the natives captured the fine ship *Boston*, killed the crew, and carried off the rich cargo to the house of Maquina, the chief. In the mêlée two of the crew escaped—John R. Jewitt, the armorer, and John Thompson, the sailmaker. These were spared on condition of their becoming the slaves of Chief Maquina. They experienced many thrilling adventures for three years, when they were rescued by the bark *Lydia*.

The great-grandson of Chief Maquina proudly bore the same name until his death two years ago. His people secreted his body and then proceeded to use his property in the erection of a gorgeous monument. It stands to-day on a point of rocks overlooking the sea near the Indian village. The monument consists of a huge thunder bird and whale, and near by are two sewing machines, just to show how prodigal was the sorrow over the chief's death.

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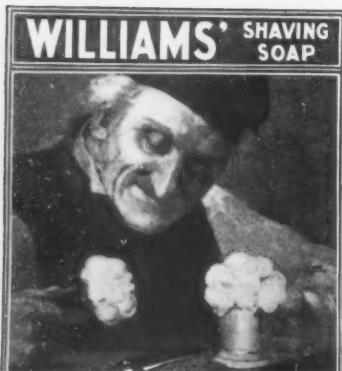
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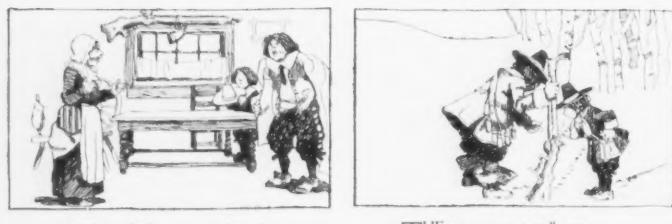
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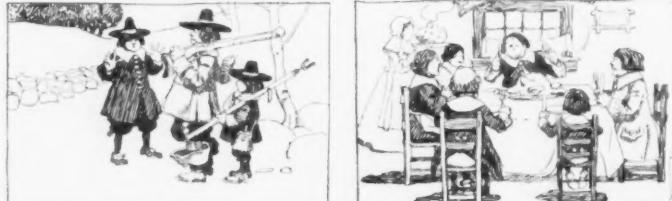
SAID good Mevrouw von Pretzelstein
To lazy Hans, her spouse,
"I fear to-night we shall not dine
There's nothing in the house."

THE parson was a godly man,
He could not tell a lie
He knew just where the turkeys ran;
Hans found the tracks near by.



SO shiftless Hans put on his coat
And, taking up his gun,
Set out for hunting grounds remote,
Escorted by his son.

THEN, following hard upon the trail,
A gobbler soon they spied—
And Hans put salt upon his tail
And buckshot in his hide.



THEY met the parson on the way,
And asked him if he'd heard
Or seen or spied or known that day
Of any turkey bird.

THEN good Mevrouw prepared the bird
And set it on the table,
And each one ate what he preferred
As much as he was able.

Heroes of Eastern Gridirons

By Walter Camp

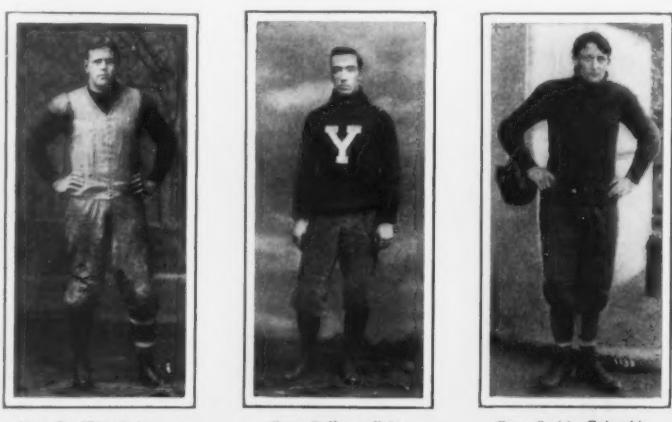
WE are all more or less hero-worshippers nowadays, and, during the brief but highly exciting two months which comprise the football season, those who follow the intercollegiate matches annually hear the praises of certain remarkable players and enjoy a look at the individuals.

Of the men who stand out prominently as captains of the big Eastern teams this season, each has some particular specialty which makes him noteworthy. To begin with, Princeton has in her captain, De Witt, a very remarkable athlete. Those who go to the intercollegiate track athletic meetings will remember him as the champion hammer-thrower. Weighing something over 210 pounds, without an ounce of fat and hard as nails, possessing very remarkable speed for so big a man, one can easily picture the force of impact with which he strikes an opponent when he runs with the ball. And he is doing far better work in this respect this season than ever before. His particular specialty, however, is kicking, and in that he stands out pre-eminent. He can probably send the ball a greater distance than any man on the gridiron to-day, and his drop-kicking is quite equal to his punting. He has the credit, also, of getting out a team at Princeton whose attack is far superior to anything the Orange and Black has done for some seasons.

Captain Marshall of Harvard occupies what has been sometimes known as an ideal position for captain, namely, that of quarter-back. Playing here, he is, of course, better able to direct every move of his team than

a captain occupying some other position, whose only means of directing the play is to give instructions to the quarter-back or to change the quarter-back's directions when they do not suit him. The question is sometimes raised, however, whether a captain, as quarter-back, does not have too much on his shoulders, and thus lose rather than gain by the position. This does not seem to have that effect on Marshall, and he is playing a better game than he played last season. He has had a very difficult problem to face, in that the progress of the team has been slow and it met with disaster in the Amherst game, and had some other hard contests during the time when Marshall himself was incapacitated on account of an injury. He has developed, however, a team of fighters, and their work in winning the game from the Carlisle Indians, after the score was 11 to 0 against them, was a most creditable piece of work. Marshall is thickset, fast, and a very accurate drop-kicker. His running back of the ball in an open field is one of his strongest points.

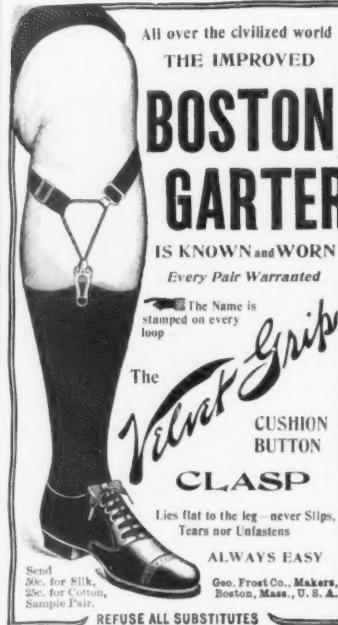
Captain Rafferty of Yale is an end rusher of the quiet, silent type, but he has thus far shown that, though reserved, he is, like death and taxes, absolutely certain. He is not a heavy man, and is of an entirely different type from Captain De Witt of Princeton, but he handles his men well, and is himself one of the most alert of players. In some respects, he is not unlike Yale's former silent captain, Hinkey, for Rafferty seems to possess that keen scent for the



Capt. De Witt, Princeton

Capt. Rafferty, Yale

Capt. Smith, Columbia



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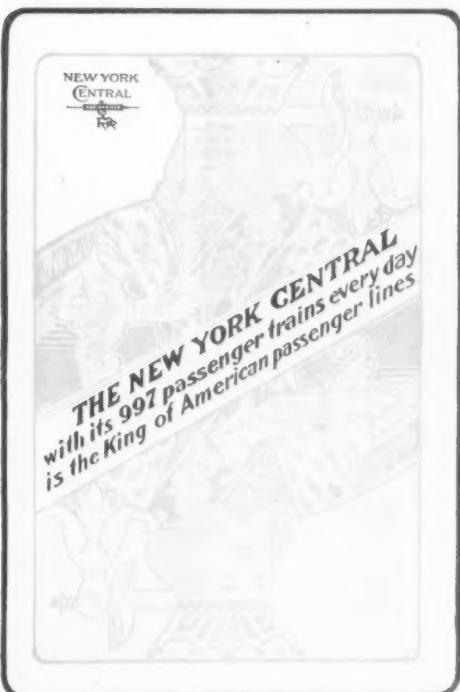
GEN. W. T. BOOTH, (Founder of the Salvation Army), says: "I have found the ideal food. I eat very little meat, often none at all; but I eat Shredded Wheat. I find it splendid. I have it with milk and perhaps a baked apple at breakfast and again at supper. I find it most digestible and very palatable and an excellent food for sustaining mental force."

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ball that brings him to the point where he is needed with unfailing, and, generally, unerring accuracy. He is not a showy player, but he seldom makes any false moves, and, in addition to the regular duties of his position, he can usually be counted upon for aid to his runners whenever needed.

Captain Smith of Columbia plays in the back field, and is a big, powerful man. He strikes the line hard when running with the ball, and is one of the best defensive players in backing up a line on any of the teams this year. In fact, it was largely due to his work that Columbia checked powerful attacks by opponents which had been successful against other teams before meeting the Blue and White. In the first half of the Pennsylvania and Yale games, Smith was a host in himself, and the opposing runners, even when they managed to force Columbia's line at spots, invariably found Smith ready to drive them back before they could get free.

Captain Metzgar of Pennsylvania, like Captain Rafferty of Yale, is an end rusher. He is an aggressive player, driving his men sharply, and of a disposition never to give up. He is no giant, and of only medium weight, but he makes every pound of that weight tell. He breaks up interference well, and is a very strong man when picking the runner. His task of bringing out a strong team was rendered unusually difficult because many of his players had been drilled in different schools, and had hence distinctly different styles of play. In the Columbia game this was a marked disadvantage to the Pennsylvanians, but it may be that, by the season's end, when their Thanksgiving Day contest with Cornell takes place, they will have reached a point of more satisfactory amalgamation.

Hunt of Cornell had one of the most difficult tasks of any captain in building up an almost practically new team, and that, too, when he, like Captain Marshall, was incapacitated at the time. He plays at guard, and is a powerful specimen, although not as muscular as De Witt of Princeton, who also plays at guard. In the first big game that Cornell had, namely, that against Princeton, Hunt's men made a brave stand against overwhelming odds, in the way of experience and strength, and, although badly defeated, some of the youngsters who received their baptism of fire there showed promise of developing in a year or two into veterans who should turn the tables.

Johnson of the Carlisle Indians is a remarkably clever runner, and all his work is brilliant. He is a good drop-kicker and a first-class kicker from placement, as his goal against Harvard showed. In the case of his team, one quite naturally looks to Coach Warner as sharing with the captain the much of the responsibility, and this is of course more appropriate in a school of this kind. However, whether the execution of

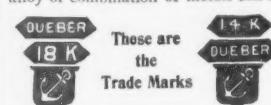
the remarkable trick that Johnson and Dillon played upon Harvard—by concealing the ball under Dillon's jersey, and securing a touchdown before the astonished Harvard men recovered—should be credited to Warner or Johnson, it was marvellously successful, and will be the talk of football circles for years to come.



Captain Marshall, Harvard

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It tells how to get well without risk. It tells of a remedy so certain, that I am able to say to you, "Use it a month at my risk." Then after 30 days, you alone are to decide. If you say, "Dr. Shoop's Restorative did not help me," the loss is mine—not yours—not a penny to pay if it fails.

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Write me
"New York specialists pumped my stomach. Called it Acid Burn or the Stomach. Treated me two years and failed."

I got six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative at the Jason Pharmacy, Atlanta. It was to cost me nothing, if it failed. After four bottles, then came the change. After six bottles I was eating most anything I desired. I am well now. Dyspepsia and Nervousness gone. Use my letter privately or publicly, for I feel that this is as little as I can do to show my gratitude for the results you have brought in my case."

Mr. Renfroe used my Restorative because I took the risk, to make this offer just to get a trial. I take all risk to help others with my Restorative. Dr. Shoop's Restorative can and will do if you try it. Write today for the book you need and the name of a druggist near you who will give you six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative a month on trial. Too much cannot be learned about how to keep well.

Write now while you have it in mind.

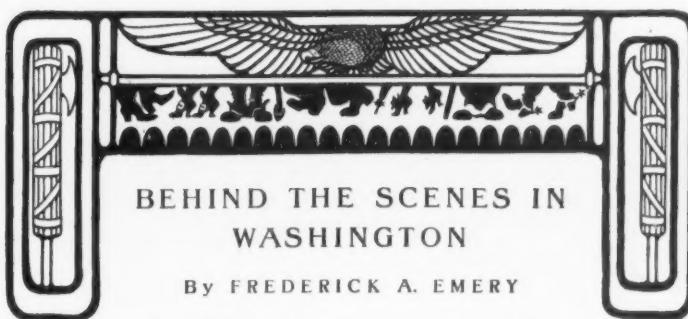
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Captain Hunt, Cornell



BEHIND THE SCENES IN WASHINGTON

By FREDERICK A. EMERY

The Short-Grass Statesman

THE most remarkable fluctuation of fortune in Congressional campaigns has been scored by Senator Long of Kansas, one of the new men in the upper branch of Congress. Long's luck in his fights for a seat in the Lower House was an alternating current. He was first nominated for Congress in 1892, and was defeated by Jerry Simpson, the Sockless Statesman, whose advent in the lower chamber of the national sanhedrin fed many a comic paper of those days. Long was a fighter, however, and two years later found him again on the stump. This time he defeated Simpson. In 1896, the undismayed Simpson buckled on his armor, went out for Long's scalp, and got it. Two more years passed by, and the campaign was again on. Then for the fourth time the two were matched, and it was, in the vernacular of the ring, a fight to the finish. The Congressional billet was an attractive goal, and both thirsted to reach it. Long won out in the fight, however; Simpson abandoned further contests and moved into New Mexico, and Long has since remained undisturbed in his district.

Long is one of the most enthusiastic of the Senatorial followers in the footsteps of Izaak Walton. He fairly revels in the sport. "The Short-Grass Statesman," for such is the nickname that has come to be applied to him in that buffalo or short grass country, belongs to a fishing club out in Colorado. He has been out there often, seeking the elusive trout in the well-stocked streams that dot that State. Senator Long is fond of bass fishing, and spends days at a time angling in his own district along the Ninesca and the Walnut Rivers and their tributaries.

A Matter of Taste

JOHN BURROUGHS, the famous naturalist, regards President Roosevelt as one of the most enthusiastic sportsmen he ever met. When the President was making his Western trip a few months ago, and Burroughs accompanied him on his visit in the Yellowstone Park, Burroughs told the President of a new herd of elk that were twenty miles away.

"I will be delighted," said the President, with that strong accent he gives the first syllable of that favorite word of his, "to ride over there and see them."

"Pshaw!" replied Burroughs, "I don't see much use going to see them."

"But, my dear sir, it's worth a dozen trips to see them."

"All right," said "Oom Paul," as the President affectionately nicknamed Burroughs on account of his Kruger-esque beard.

The President, although in need of rest, rode off with Burroughs, and was rapturous in his comments when he found the elk. Later Burroughs rode to the edge of the Park, where a party from the President's special train were waiting.

"The President rode twenty miles to see a few elk," he remarked. "I am surprised. I can't see the pleasure of going that distance for that purpose."

"Why, Mr. Burroughs," he was asked, "you would ride that far to see new birds, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," said Burroughs. "I would go forty miles any time."

"Then why are you surprised at the President's going so far to see elk?"

"Humph!" ejaculated the naturalist, "he had more enthusiasm than I could have gotten up to see them. Birds are different." And Burroughs walked away in disgust.

A Serious Omission

THE head of a "President's church" ranks higher in the glare of publicity than other clergymen, and so gets more attention from the newspapers. So it was that a well-known Washington divine once felt called upon to send a message to newspapers throughout the country correcting a striking omission in one of his appeals to the Almighty.

The incident occurred in connection with an important function at the national capital, at which Rev. Dr. Byron F. Sunderland, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church—which was known as the President's church, and with which Dr. T. De Witt Talmage was subsequently associated—was scheduled to deliver the invocation. Dr. Sunderland prepared his prayer some days in advance, and, in accordance with a request, promptly furnished a copy of it to a press association. The latter sent the prayer in advance, subject to release on the appointed day, to the newspapers through the length and breadth of the land, and it was set up in type forty-eight hours in advance of its delivery. It was a brief but fervent appeal to the throne of grace for mercy on a benighted world.

Suddenly Dr. Sunderland made a great

discovery. He had been reading over his prayer and found at the eleventh hour that an essential feature was missing. He telephoned the press association office and asked that a correction be flashed over the wires. This was the message that went broadcast to newspaper offices:

"To Editors—In Sunderland's prayer, insert in advance, after words divine mercy, insert following: 'Bless the President of the United States and grant Thy divine guidance to him and to all those in authority.'"

The President's preacher had forgotten to intercede for the President in the first draft of his supplication!

President, Not Excellency

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has given a quiet tip to relegate to the background the title "His Excellency," that relic of flunkeyism given in countless millions of books as the proper way of addressing the head of the nation. It is a little too far removed from plain Jeffersonian principles to tickle the fancy of the President.

The incident in which the President gave voice to his position in this respect, and which escaped attention at the time, occurred at a recent dedication ceremony in the outskirts of Washington. The President sat upon the platform in the midst of a circle of ecclesiastical dignitaries. Bishop Henry Y. Satterlee, the head of the Washington diocese of the Episcopal Church, advanced to the front of the platform to address the surging thousands who witnessed the ceremony.

The Bishop turned toward the President as he opened his solemn discourse. "His Excellency," he said, but immediately the President gave vent to his disapproval. A look that spoke plainer than words crossed his face and he leaned over to General John M. Wilson, the retired Chief of Engineers of the Army, who sat beside him. "I don't like that phrase," he said. "I don't like it." It was in a whisper, and only those sitting close by understood. The President's shrug and whispered protestation were emphatic, but the Bishop heard not and continued his oration. Again he had occasion to refer to Mr. Roosevelt. This time he called the office sans the prefix. "The President," he said simply.

A smile spread over the President's face. "Ah," he whispered, "I like that. That's better; very much better."

A Worthy Introduction

CHARLES H. ROBB, Assistant Attorney-General of the Post-Office Department, like former Comptroller of the Currency Eckels, has found youthful appearance somewhat embarrassing at times. Robb expounded Blackstone and Kent in the Green Mountain State and served several years as State's Attorney of Vermont; he later turned back small fortunes into the fleshpots of Uncle Sam by his handling of intricate revenue questions at the Treasury Department, and more latterly he has scored distinction as the legal end of the postal inquisition; yet once when he attempted to enter the Post-Office Department after office hours a zealous watchman held him at the door and laughed when he proclaimed his official status.

While State's Attorney on his native Yankee heath Robb was invited to deliver the oration at the Decoration Day ceremonies on the battlefield of Bennington. The sheriff of Bennington, in all the glory of his office and the shimmer of his civic pride, was the factotum who officiated as the master of ceremonies. He introduced Mr. Robb with a speech that should have a high place among the forensic features of the century. "We have met here," said the sheriff, while the undulations of his bosom showed the pride that burned within him, "on this auspicious occasion to desecrate the graves of those fallen heroes who died in defiance of their country and their country's law. I take great pleasure, therefore, to introduce as the oray-ter of the occa-shun, Mr. C. H. Robb."

The Upright Vermonters

HONESTY is proverbial among the Yankees, but Senator Dillingham of Vermont has a constituent whose confidence in the integrity of his fellow-man exceeds all previous records. Up among the green hills of Orange County, near the village of East Bethel, dwells this exponent of trustfulness in the rockbound ruggedness of character of his neighbors.

On the highway leading from East Bethel to Montpelier, the capital of the State, winding along a branch of the White River, is an immense sandbank that towers far above the telegraph poles on the roadside. The sandbank is part and parcel of the assets of a farmer who owns several hundred acres of land nearby. It is a source of lucrative



(From Everybody's Magazine for December)

UNION SQUARE NORTH

I T wouldn't surprise us to learn that we have a little touch of "swelled head."

It is the last thing in the world we want, but it is just possible that we have a touch of it. We were with the *Ladies' Home Journal* when it was gaining its prestige and its great circulation. We were with *Munsey's* when it shot up from 5,000 to 500,000 copies a month. We were with *The Delinquent* when it doubled its circulation, and swept up to almost the million mark. The genius at the head of each of those publications made it. We had almost nothing to do with the result. But we added constantly to our stock of "know how."

We had the conviction we could make *EVERYBODY'S* grow. Frankly, we had no idea it would grow so fast. We never dreamed that it would have a quarter of a million circulation in six months. The Manager of the American News Company says that in all his thirty years' experience no magazine or periodical that they have handled has grown as *EVERYBODY'S* has.

In six months *EVERYBODY'S* circulation jumped from tenth place to third place among the general magazines. We are also third in the number of pages of cash advertising. Perhaps you will be inclined to be charitable with us for a little while, even if we do show some signs of enlarged cranium. Of course we don't admit that there are any signs. We are attending to business just as strictly as we did six months ago, and we haven't consciously slackened our pace, nor lessened our zeal. When our harbor is a million a month, a quarter of a million seems a long way from shore. We put the "little profit" we made on the November number into the color work in this number and into the Booth Tarkington story.

HE WAS NOT DEAD

We sent out a number of expiration notices, beginning, "Dear Expiring Subscriber," and asked for a renewal. We hoped by addressing our subscribers in this unusual way to get a careful reading of the circular. They are all worth reading. You know when a story or an article begins well, there is ever so much more likelihood of its being read. One of the "expirers," a minister in New York State, received his notice and replied as follows:

THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY,

Messrs.: Your "Dear Expiring Subscriber" has expired; please bury him, and oblige, Yours truly,

It interested us. It reached us on a very busy day. We wrote across the bottom of his letter, "What Epitaph?" and sent it back. We thought a man who could write so cleverly ought to like the magazine.

Again the letter came to us—the epitaph was supplied:

"In *EVERYBODY'S* ranks he would not stay, Since he could not, with thanks, his bill now pay.

Better, he thought, while dear, just to expire, Than to live on in fear of later fire."

PUNY BY COMPARISON

In all candor, now, isn't it wonderful that such a magazine can be made for a dollar a year? Friends call it a big, beautiful, clean, wholesome, entertaining ten cents' worth. You have spent a dollar and a half for a book before now that did not have as much in it as this single December number contains. The cheapest thing in the world to-day is a good dollar magazine. *Anybody's Magazine—EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE*. Think how little you can buy for a dollar in any other line. How far will a dollar get you in a jewelry store, in a dry-goods store, on a railroad train, in a grocery store? Then pile up twelve numbers like this December number of *EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE* and see how puny anything else looks—anything else that you can compare with it.

If it is your custom to order your magazine in a club, remember, please, that *EVERYBODY'S* is not clubbed. No books, nor calendars, nor any premiums are given as a bait for your subscription. But you can add *EVERYBODY'S* to any clubbing offer at \$1.00 if it better suits your convenience, or you may send the dollar to us.

ALL YOUR FAULT

What's the use trying to do things right? After the hardest kind of a struggle and many disappointments we got our new machinery working for cutting the leaves. Our editions have been delayed from two to six days. We thought better a little late and have leaves cut, even on time and the leaves uncut. Now see what we are up against. Before we got the machinery well installed the magazine had outgrown it. It will take three months, possibly six, to get more machinery.

Meantime the magazine is growing. Will some kind friend tell us where it is going to stop so that we will know how much machinery to order? We are running the folders night and day to get as much of the magazine cut as we possibly can. But even then some of the pages will have to go in uncut. Anyhow, you are more to blame than we are. If you hadn't talked so much and got other people to buy the magazine, we would now have just a nice, comfortable circulation that we could handle easily, instead of this wild thing that keeps us up nights.

Did you ever hear the story of the fellow who yoked himself to a yearling calf, to show it a thing or two? The calf started off soberly, but presently began running at top speed, and when they passed some of his neighbors the man had scarcely breath enough to yell:

"Ketch us—darn our fool souls—we're running away!"

If you will send \$1.00 for a year's subscription to *Everybody's Magazine* we'll keep that dollar till you've read the next number. Then, if you will write us that you haven't had more than three times 8½ cents' worth, we'll send that dollar back!

You can add *Everybody's* to any club offer for one dollar.

THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY

UNION SQUARE (31 EAST 17th ST.)

NEW YORK



SPECIAL OFFER

French
Court
Memoirs

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profit to him. He unceasingly tills the fields far from the highway, while men constantly drive up and take away cartloads of the sand.

A stranger noticed, the other day, that in almost every instance the cart-drivers disappeared up a certain road, and shortly after returned on that road and drove off in other directions. Their actions puzzled the stranger and he investigated. The explanation was soon found. Perched on a post stuck into the ground close by was this sign, a silent tribute to the honesty of the townsfolk:

"Help yourself to the Sand And after Getting It Please step Around and Settle for same at my house, 34 mile up the road off to the right."

Quite a Spell o' Weather

FOURTH ASSISTANT Postmaster-General Bristow, who has just brought the investigation of postal affairs to a close after many months of arduous labor, has a profound admiration for a Yankee he met on one of his summer vacations. He was on the way from Senator Proctor's shooting-box in the Green Mountains to the Rangeley Lake region, a second visit to which was prevented by the long-drawn-out investigation, although all plans had been made at Debsoncag, Mr. Bristow's fishing rendezvous.

"It's a beautiful country, is Vermont," said Mr. Bristow, in swapping stories during a Mr. Bristow in the investigation, "but premonitory symptoms of a chill that were exercising up and down my spinal column precluded my enthusiasm on the scenic features that cool autumn morning. I remarked on the temperature to a fellow-traveller on the stage. He was a Vermonter.

"'Cool!' he exclaimed in surprise. 'This is just a wee-up of summer. Gosh, the worst days of winter now are midsummer dreams by comparison with the winters we had in the thirties, when I was a youngster. Back in them days winter was real winter. Beant narthin' like it these days. The snow drifts was so great, the mercury went a-tumblin' clear down to their bottom of the bulb, and the gales scouted down so over the hillsides and the valleys that we folks up here had to adopt some heroic measures. When it came to the final pinch, the State, counties, and villages took concerted action, and every blasted road and highway in the State, bar none, was made a tunnel plumb through the winter, and holes were built up through every mile or two to let the light in. It made travellin' a blamed sight more comfortable for the people, and it was easy for the horses, as the only grades the teams had to climb were when the horses ran up against the slant roof of a house.'

"When I recovered my breath," added Mr. Bristow, "and stole a hurried glance at my venerable stage companion I observed that he looked every inch the man who had told a story so often that he believed every word of it."

Has Every Man His Price?

A PROPOS of recent revelations of corruption in Federal offices, a story is told of the plea of General William F. ("Baldy") Smith to be relieved from the besetting temptations where he was once stationed. It was during the trying days of the Civil War, and the veteran Vermonter was stationed with his forces in one of the States in Dixieland where King Cotton waved supreme.

The passage of any cotton shipments through his lines was interdicted by the Federal authorities, and Smith sternly enforced the edict. It meant tremendous loss to the plantation owners. A delegation of them went to him and asked permission to get some of the cotton through. Smith declined. A few days later a delegation waited on him and suggested that if he would take no steps to prevent the cotton from passing through his lines he would "lose nothing" by it. Smith indignantly got rid of the delegation and dictated a letter to the War Department asking to be relieved from that location, and related the circumstances of the call.

A brief time elapsed and there was another call from a delegation. Cotton was threatened with irreparable damage. They told the General that if he would forget about the embargo for a couple of days it would be worth \$100,000 to him. Smith spurned the offer, but it was made in such a way that he could not take forcible action against them. He immediately wrote a second letter to Washington, relating the indirect suggestion that had been made and asking to be relieved. Still no answer from the Washington officials. A week elapsed, and then another delegation called, and in the same roundabout and indirect way let Smith understand that if he would sleep soundly some night and leave things so that the cotton could be got out without his knowing anything about it his bank account would be larger by \$150,000.

This time Smith ordered the delegation out, and made up his mind he didn't like the ways in that part of the country. He didn't wait to write, but forthwith wired to Washington in substance:

"Must be transferred to some other command at once. They are getting too near my figure. W. F. Smith, General Commanding."

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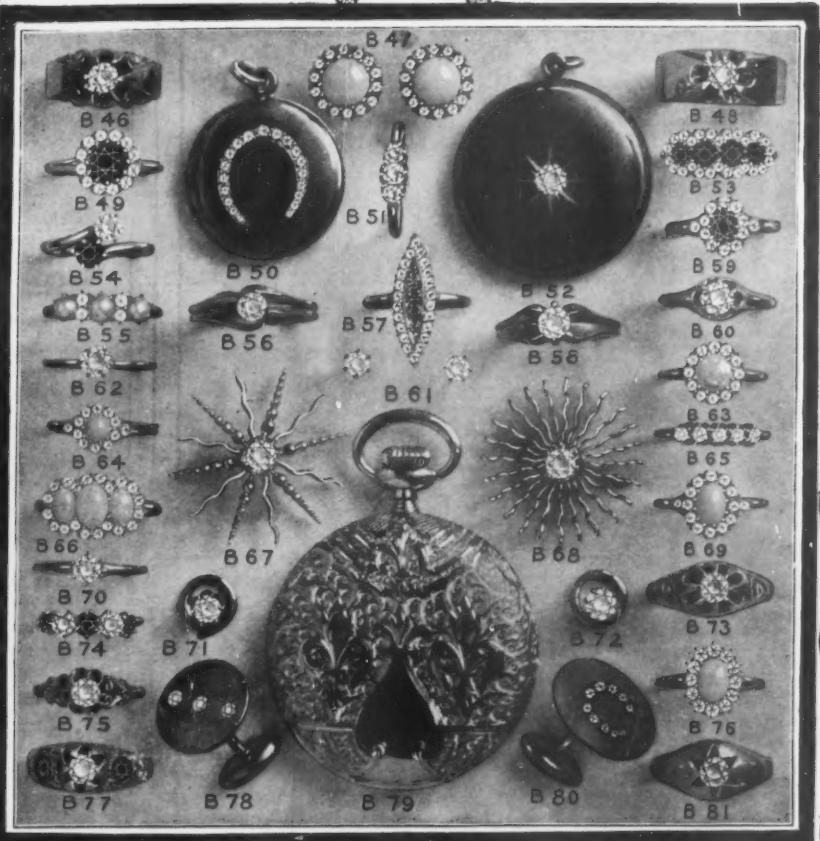
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